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A SUMMER ACROSS THE SEA

James R. Snowden

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BY

JAMES H. SNOWDEN, D.D., LL.D.

Editor of The Presbyterian Banner
Author of "Scenes and Sayings in the Life of Christ"

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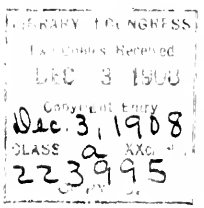

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These letters appeared as editorial correspondence in *The Presbyterian Banner,* and, in accordance with repeated requests, have been gathered into this little volume.

PITTSBURG, PA., *October* 20, 1908.

A SUMMER ACROSS THE SEA

I

ON THE WAY

A SUMMER across the sea was the attractive goal that lured the hopes and shaped the plans of a little company of us in the early days of June, nineteen hundred and eight. With nearly all of us it was our first trip abroad, and there lay before us in prospect a bright vision of fair lands and majestic Alps, splendid cities, famous galleries, and grand cathedrals, suffused and glorified with the historic spirit of many centuries. Our party was a congenial company, and delightful fellowship and fun added much to the pleasure of the tour.

Pittsburgh was our starting point, and on Thursday morning, June 25, we were off for Buffalo and Montreal, where we were to take our steamer. After crossing the Niagara near Buffalo we were on foreign soil and soon felt the slight but distinct strangeness of things. At this point we first

encountered that ubiquitous and unpopular officer at all international boundaries—the customs inspector. He is an inquisitive and persistent person who insists on fumbling around in one's belongings and has a sharp eye for diamonds and silks and a specially keen scent for tobacco and wines; but none of us were ever caught with any of these goods on us. Whether it was because we were clever in concealment or because we were Presbyterians need not be said, but we never fell under suspicion and were nearly always treated with courteous consideration. The run to Buffalo and Toronto was over smooth tracks through a beautiful country, and in the night we passed from Toronto to Montreal.

MONTREAL

The next morning we were in the environs of this ancient, historic city. Here we had our first glimpse of the stately and storied St. Lawrence River. The view was interfered with by a huge advertisement of an American patent medicine, painted on a large barn, but there was still some of the river left after the big blot had intruded its ugly and impertinent presence. After being comfortably located in a hotel, we set out to explore the city. Montreal was founded in 1642 and

now has 400,000 people. It lies on the north shore of the St. Lawrence and is seven miles long by two miles broad. Two-thirds of the people are French and one-third English, and St. Lawrence Street, running north and south, divides the eastern French section from the western English section of the city. All through Canada, but especially in the eastern part, the French and English live side by side in peaceable relations with very little racial friction, although they remain distinct in language, and thus are bound together the two races that once contended in long and bloody conflict for the country and the continent. Back of the city lies Mount Royal, from which it is named, and from this summit one gets a magnificent view of the city and river and country, with the mountains of Vermont looming up on the southern horizon.

The Roman Catholic Church is the dominant institution in Montreal, and the streets swarm with priests and nuns in all manner of strange garbs. There are numerous Catholic churches, and two imposing cathedrals, which we visited. We also noted several large Presbyterian churches, and were told by a resident that Presbyterianism is an influential Protestant factor in the city. Montreal abounds in ancient landmarks and relics and is a veritable museum of his-

tory; and the whole St. Lawrence valley is stamped with famous footprints of the past.

In the evening we boarded our steamer and started down the river, one thousand miles to the sea. The next day at noon we arrived at Quebec, passing a few miles above the city the twisted mass of steel bars that is the wreck of the great bridge that was being thrown across the river and fell of its own weight, with a loss of eighty lives.

QUEBEC

This city, which was founded in 1608, sits perched on a great beak of rock projecting into the river, the ancient part of the city, consisting of narrow, crooked streets or alleys, and curious old houses, clinging to the base and incrusting the sides of the rock like moss. The lower part is a bit of Mediæval Europe thrust into modern America, and the upper part contains a magnificent hotel and streets of newly-built houses. Again we encountered the black-robed, omnipresent priest, and breathed an atmosphere saturated and musty with Rome. We visited the Plains of Abraham, where was fought the decisive battle between the French and the English, and the Falls of Montmorency, where a large stream of water leaps in a sheet of milk-white foam over a preci-

pice one hundred feet higher than Niagara, and other historic and scenic places. The view from the upper city out over the river and whole picturesque region is said to be one of the finest in the world. Quebec, with its seventy-five thousand people, has fewer than ten thousand English, the rest being French, and yet these few English are the political and commercial masters of the city.

On Saturday evening we started down the St. Lawrence and for two and a half days sailed through scenes that are famous in song and story. One was surprised to see so many towns and villages along the shores, at some points the houses forming a continuous village for miles. The great barns showed the prosperity of the farmers, and everything indicated thrift and comfort. The most conspicuous feature of each town was the Roman Catholic church, which was always a large structure, apparently out of all proportion to the place in size and cost. Each such church doubtless draws from a considerable area, yet one cannot but feel that Rome burdens the people with an establishment of property and priests expensive beyond anything that Protestantism gets or asks. The noble river with an average width of several miles broadened into the gulf, and the gulf into the sea. By Tuesday morning we had left behind the last trace of

shore and were on the broad bosom of the Atlantic.

ON THE ATLANTIC

Our first desire was to explore the ship, and under the guidance of a courteous engineer we plunged into the bowels of the great leviathan of the deep. The engine room of an ocean liner is a place of wonder, if not of terror, to the landsman. The *Canada,* of the Domonion Line, is a twin-screw steamer propelled by giant engines, making eighty revolutions a minute and driving the huge mass of steel through the sea at from 15 to 18 miles an hour. Each shaft is driven by three engines, a high-pressure, middle-pressure, and low pressure. It may interest some of our readers to know the relative size and power of these three engines. The first has an average steam pressure of 80 pounds, a cylinder 28 inches in diameter, and develops 1,120 horse-power; the second has an average steam pressure of 27 pounds, a cylinder 47 inches in diameter, and develops 1,021 horse-power; and the third has an average steam pressure of 11 pounds, a cylinder 77 inches in diameter, and develops 1,185 horse-power. The total horse-power is thus about 6,600, which is still small compared with the 30,000 horse-power turbines of the big Cunarders,

making 300 revolutions a minute and driving the monster ships 26 to 30 miles an hour. These engines, like tireless giants, turn the great steel shafts running out through the stern of the ship and churn the propeller blades against the water ceaselessly day and night, and the whole ship quivers and throbs under their incessant pounding.

It is a place of terrific heat and noise down in those lower regions where the darkness is broken by the glare of the opened furnace doors and grimy men shovel coal and watch the engines every minute of the day. The men work in turns of four hours on and eight hours off, and on their skill and faithfulness the speed and safety of the ship depend. The engine and boiler room is the great, glowing, throbbing heart of the ship that drives it through the sea, splitting it at the prow into wave and spray and trampling it into white and green foam. The stately ship moves like a thing of life and rides the water as gracefully as a swan. In majesty and might, in intricate and powerful mechanism, in tremendous momentum yet sensitiveness and obedience to control, in grace and beauty it is one of the most marvelous products of the human brain and hand. In no other sphere does man pit his skill and cunning more squarely against the might

and mystery of nature than upon the sea, and he subdues its proud waves under his hand and rides to victory.

The ship is a complex human world that falls into different sections and levels. In its vertical sections it is divided first into the forecastle or "fo'c's'le," where the sailors live in dens in the prow, work on the decks, and gather in the evening to sing songs and spin sea yarns, talking a lingo that is often an unknown tongue to the landsman. Next come the first-class passengers in the best quarters on the ship, farther back are the second-class passengers in good quarters, and at the stern are the third-class or steerage passengers, who sleep on bunks and eat on benches below. These classes are confined to their own quarters, except the first-class passengers, who have the run of the whole ship. In its horizontal strata the engineers and stokers are at the bottom; at the next higher level are the sailors at the prow, the steerage passengers at the stern, and amidships are the commissary departments, including the kitchens and storage rooms. At this level also is a complete hospital with a physician in charge, and any case of illness can be taken care of. At the upper levels are the first- and second-class passengers, staterooms, and officers' quarters. The crew from the gold-laced

captain down to the stokers at the boilers are English, with a few Welsh and Irish, and form a splendid piece of English discipline, subordinate to authority and thoroughly trained and trustworthy. The crew speaks English with its peculiar "cockney" accent, and the funniest thing we heard on the ship was an English steward telling an Irish steward to "speak plain," when he could hardly be understood himself.

Acquaintances were rapidly formed among the passengers and soon they were a lively company. There was much reading and resting and walking the decks, games were played and evening entertainments were given. On the Sabbath divine service was held, and a cosmopolitan congregation assembled, gathered from many lands but holding a common faith. The ship's purser invited the writer to conduct the service on the first Sabbath, and it was a peculiar privilege and pleasure to preach in such circumstances to such a congregation. On the second and third days out many seats in the dining room were left vacant, but the writer never missed a meal or felt a qualm. The salt sea air, of unsullied purity and pungent freshness, was a fine tonic, exhilarating the blood, whetting the appetite keen, and inducing deep, dreamless sleep.

Old ocean lay around us in a sharply-defined,

perfect circle and never ceased to be an object of varied interest and changeful beauty and of grand majesty and mystery. No storm arose to stir and lash it into wrathful might, but a stiff breeze set it rolling and tumbling in a wide, weltering waste and flecked it with whitecaps far out to the horizon. We left Pittsburgh in the midst of intense heat and it was still hot at Montreal and Quebec, but in two days out on the ocean the heaviest winter wraps were necessary; when we struck the Gulf Stream, however, the icy air mellowed into genial warmth. Off the Banks of Newfoundland a fog enveloped the ship in its dense gray mist for two days, and the raucous foghorn blew its hoarse, warning blast every two minutes. The fog then cleared away, and during the greater part of our voyage we were favored with the finest weather, and the pellucid, light blue sky poured its opalescent splendor down upon the dark blue sea. No icebergs were seen, but on the Fourth of July a whale threw up its hat and celebrated the day by spouting jets and clouds of spray into the air. Only a single ship was sighted during the main passage and thus was disproved the saying that "sails whiten every sea"; but wireless telegrams flashed between our ship and other liners and kept us in touch with the world. In mid-ocean a "marconigram" was

posted on the bulletin board, announcing the chief current events in New York and London.

When we came out on the deck on Sunday morning, July 5, we saw the green sod of "ould Ireland" and knew we were near the end of the voyage. Ships of all kinds now appeared in increasing numbers, and the great sight of the morning was the passing of the big Cunarder *Lusitania* outward bound for New York. She loomed up as a giant alongside of our modest liner, standing high out of the water and carrying four big smokestacks, and majestically swept by us at the rate of thirty miles an hour. During the day we steamed along the Irish coast, in the evening a glorious sunset burnt behind burnished bars of cloud, kindling the sky into a grand cosmic conflagration and turning the smooth sea into molten gold. In the night we passed up the Irish Channel, and the next morning we landed at Liverpool and set foot on the soil of England.

II

IN SCOTLAND

ON landing at Liverpool we passed through the hurly-burly of the custom house and emerged into this great shipping port of 700,000 people. A ride around the city in one of the double-decked street cars universally used here showed us how solid is its wealth and how general its comfort. Yet as it is largely a modern commercial city it does not differ greatly from Pittsburgh or Buffalo, except in an indescribable foreign air and several distinctive features. One of these, of course, was the English money, which for a little time confused us. At first, when anyone told us the price of anything we held out a handful of coins and let him take his choice; but we soon learned that "a pund" is more than a crown and presently got initiated into the mysteries of "ha'penny," "tuppence," "two and six," and so on. Another noticeable feature of the city was the absence of skyscrapers, the height of buildings in England being limited by Act of Parliament to the width

of the street. This is partly due to the high northern latitude which slants the rays of the sun so that they would never reach the bottom of such deep canyons as some of our American streets are.

Another result of this high latitude at once observable by an American is the long day. Up in Scotland we found the sun shining at nearly nine o'clock in the evening, and it was still light at ten o'clock, the sun rising the next morning at about half-past three. In the winter, of course, the day is correspondingly short, when daylight comes after eight o'clock in the morning, and darkness sets in before four o'clock in the afternoon. Still another result of the high latitude is the coolness of the summer. We have as yet experienced no warm weather in England, and while we have been reading that America was roasting we have been comfortable in winter clothing, and English and Scottish ladies could be seen wearing furs. Tourists do not linger in Liverpool, and at noon we started north for Scotland.

THE ENGLISH COUNTRY

In passing north we had a good view of the English country, and were impressed with its beauty, careful cultivation, and fertility. The

moist climate keeps vegetation fresh and the vivid greens of the fields and forests were strikingly beautiful. The farm-houses and barns were nearly always of stone, and miles upon miles of fences were also of stone that had been patiently and solidly piled up by hand. Everything about the country indicated thrift and comfort. The cultivation of the fields and gardens was a constant surprise and wonder to us. There was no waste land, no weedy fields or ragged strips along the fences and roads, but every foot of ground was utilized. Even under the trees and in the fringes of forest the ground was kept clean and neat. The sward in the meadows seemed as smooth as carpet. Centuries of cultivation have rolled and shaven these meadows until the grass is often like nap on an Oriental rug. Our own country is poorly cultivated and ill-kept and ragged compared with England. The English farmer has learned intensive farming; he farms less land, but he farms it more. Of course England has long experience and is crowded into small space. She has little land, but makes the most of it. All England is only about a fifth larger than Pennsylvania and has about seven times as many people; so she has learned to cultivate her little island and has turned it into a garden of fertility and beauty.

The English roads are also a striking feature

of the country. They are thoroughly macadamized and rolled down with steam rollers until they are solid and smooth and afford easy and rapid travel to all vehicles. Such roads are one of the greatest needs of our own country. We had our first experience of English railways on our journey north from Liverpool. The English rails, cars, and locomotives are lighter than ours, but everything is of the most solid construction and the trains are swifter than ours. We found the first train we were on was scheduled to run three miles an hour faster than the Empire Express on the New York Central, about the fastest train in America. There are no grade crossings, all roads and streets being carried over the tracks on stone or brick bridges. The stations are decidedly superior to ours, and the English build everything to last. The English cars, with side doors opening into compartments, have some advantages, such as quickness and ease in entering and leaving the car and privacy when a congenial party gets a compartment to itself, but we still like our American cars better.

AYR

Our first stop in Scotland was at Ayr, the birthplace of Robert Burns. The town is on the sea,

with a population of 40,000, and as usual with all Scotch towns and cities is built so compactly of stone that it looks almost as though it were hewn out of solid rock. We asked a resident why they built everything of stone and he said he supposed it was because there is so much of it. It is true there is little wood in Scotland and plenty of stone, but it is characteristic of Scotch character that it best expresses its own unyielding and lasting nature in sandstone and granite. The spirit of Burns, who in his boyhood days was a ne'er-do-weel as he loafed with tipsy companions about the streets and alehouses of Ayr, now pervades the place and has given it all the significance it has to the world. Burns is everywhere in statues and monuments and relics, and his birthplace is a shrine that draws visitors from all over the world to its humble door. The house in which he was born is a low stone cottage, with thatched roof and four rooms, one of the rooms being the stable. It is with feelings of reverence that one stands by the bed that marks the spot where was born this child of genius that turned daisies and all the commonest things of life into the glorious fabric of his imagination. Near by are the ruins of the "Auld Kirk" that gave the poet so much trouble and was repaid with his scorn, and a little beyond flows the "bonnie

Doon," the limpid stream on the banks of which Burns played as a boy, and which he has immortalized in song. Nowhere else in Scotland did we see so many intoxicated men and so many alehouses as in Ayr, and the native town of Robert Burns has evidently not taken to heart the lesson of his pitiful life.

THE SCOTTISH LAKE REGION

Our next point was Glasgow, the largest city in Scotland, with 800,000 population. It is a great shipbuilding and manufacturing center. A call was made on Professor Orr, now well known in America, but he was out of the city. We visited the University of Glasgow and found it closed, but it has the most imposing university buildings we have ever seen. The United Free Presbyterian Church must be exceptionally strong in this city, judging by the number of large and fine churches belonging to it we observed. From Glasgow we passed through the Scottish lake region over lochs Lomond and Katrine and the Trossachs, a region in which mountains and lakes are thrown together in wild and picturesque confusion. We stopped for an hour at Stirling, a center of Scottish history where is a fine old castle in which Scottish royalty resided. Near

by it is the celebrated Greyfriars church in which John Knox preached the sermon at the coronation of James the Sixth, and close by the church in the graveyard is the grave of the gifted and lamented Henry Drummond. An hour's ride from Stirling brought us to

EDINBURGH

This ancient capital and modern Athens of Scotland is one of the most important cities of Great Britain and one of the most cultured cities of Europe. In population it has less than 400,000, but in historic interest and intellectual weight it tips the scale over every other British city except London. The great castle that sits perched on its mighty rock is the central core of the city whence its growth and power have issued. It is one of the most celebrated castles of Europe, and is crowded with memories and relics of the past. Here Scottish clans fought each other for possession of this central key, and over its steep slopes and battlemented top Scotch and English engaged in many a hand-to-hand conflict. On the very tip of the rock stands the tiny St. Margaret's Chapel, dating from the eleventh century, the oldest church in Scotland. A great group of buildings is inclosed within the walls, including Queen Mary's private apartments and the Ban-

queting Hall in which Scottish and English kings and queens held revelry and where tragedies also were enacted. The hall is now a museum of swords and guns and ancient armor and other relics of mediæval days and personages and events that are immortal in song and story. Down a dark narrow pair of stone steps is the dungeon in the heart of the tower over the gate in which prisoners of State were kept until, mayhap, they were led forth to execution. The top and sides of this great rock have been saturated with blood and have witnessed some of the most momentous events in English history.

The great rock, which rises in a sheer precipice on three sides, on the fourth side slopes down along a ridge, on the edge of which runs High Street to Holyrood Palace at its foot. This street is one of the most celebrated in Europe, though now its glory has largely departed and on its lower stretches it runs through the slums of the city. Near the top of the street stands the United Free Assembly Hall, which, together with New College, which is a part of the quadrangular structure, is the official center of the United Free Church; and a little further down the street is St. Giles' Cathedral, the center of the Established Church and a Mecca for Presbyterians from all over the world. Here John Knox preached and

laid hold of Scotland with such a deep and lasting grip that he tore it out of the hands of Rome and made it free and Presbyterian to this day. The body of the great reformer sleeps under the cobblestone pavement beside the church, and farther down the street is the house in which he lived, preserved practically as he left it. One experienced strange feelings as he stood in the narrow den of a study and sat in the chair where that man of granite frame and iron blood forged the bolts with which he struck the shackles of Rome from Scotland and created a great people.

On down the street is old Greyfriars Church, in the graveyard of which is a monument over the remains of most of the eighteen thousand martyrs that were put to death in Edinburgh during the "killing time" of 1661-1688, when the English were trying to make the Scotch Presbyterians conform to the Anglican Church. But it was impossible for the sword to uproot what Knox had planted, and Scotland then purchased with a great price the Presbyterian faith and freedom which it holds to this day. High Street is lined with historic places, such as the house in which David Hume wrote his history and the one in which Adam Smith wrote his "Wealth of Nations," and at the bottom it runs into Holyrood Palace, the royal residence of Scottish

kings and queens, which is second in interest only to the castle itself. Here are the apartments of Queen Mary and the room in which her private secretary was murdered at her side. Around this cliff and ridge of rock lies the modern Edinburgh, with its fine streets and public institutions, but it is the rock that gives significance to the city and juts up as a strategic peak of history that is visible all over the world.

MELROSE ABBEY AND ABBOTSFORD

From Edinburgh we went to Melrose, forty miles to the south, which is another Scottish world-wide attraction. Here are the remains of Melrose Abbey, the wrecked, fire-scorched, time-defaced ruins of what was once the finest abbey in Scotland, if not in all England. It requires no special gift to appreciate the rare beauty and charm of these ruins, and the wonder is how back in the fourteenth century men could conceive and build a structure that all our science and art could not equal or perhaps even reproduce, and the pity is that border warfare and the Reformation hatred of Rome so ruthlessly despoiled it.

Melrose is further noted as the seat of the great baronial palace built by Sir Walter Scott as his final residence. It cost him about $375,000 and

was one of the blunders that involved him in financial ruin and hastened his death. Here he wrote upwards of forty of his works, and here he burst into tears when he found his paralyzed hand could no more hold the pen that had bewitched the world with its wizardry of words. The palace remains with his books and wonderful collection of mediæval relics just as he left it, and it is one of the literary shrines of the world.

Thus in our rapid tour through Scotland we visited the scenes of the birth and the work of Knox, Burns, and Scott, the three men who more than any other made Scotland and sowed precious, imperishable seed that is now blooming on every shore. Let the world jibe at Scotland for its stubbornness and bigotry as it may, those of us who have ancestral roots running back into its rocks are proud of our blood, and all of us owe it a debt we never can repay.

III

IN ENGLAND

RETURNING from Scotland to England we first stopped at Chester, an old English town near Liverpool which has been but slightly touched with modern change. It was originally a Roman camp, and the wall the Romans built around it still stands and bears witness to the solidity of their work. Its narrow streets and quaint houses carry one back into an earlier England and it lies as an islet in the midst of the rushing England of to-day. There is also an ancient cathedral in the town which is worthy of a visit. Passing on we came next to

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

This town, like ancient Bethlehem, is little among the cities of the land, but it has one great name that overshadows all England and overtops the world. The place has about nine thousand people and has good houses of stone and brick, but these would never draw from many lands forty

thousand visitors a year to its seat. The name of William Shakespeare is its priceless treasure and powerful attraction. As his birthplace and the custodian of his dust it is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, literary shrine in the world. The house in which the poet was born stands intact and is now a national possession. It contains many editions of the poet's works and many relics that go back to his time, but no single article or scrap of paper or scratch of the pen that belonged to or was made by him. His own large and costly house in which he lived after he retired from the stage was torn down, and only a bit of the foundation remains and is carefully preserved.

The chief object of interest in the town is Holy Trinity Church, which contains the remains of the poet. The church is an ancient stone building, constructed of a soft stone which is showing signs of advanced decay. It stands close to the Avon, a clear, beautiful stream about twenty yards wide, that flows by softly and silently as if in reverent awe of the place; at least the human tide that now ceaselessly flows around and through that church is touched with a deep feeling of awe in the presence of the mighty dead. A graveyard, containing many old tombstones, surrounds the church, and, as in the case of many English churches, has invaded the church itself, so that under its stone

floor are many graves. The body of Shakespeare, together with those of his wife and favorite daughter, lies in the chancel just in front of the altar, and on the wall above the grave is a bust of the poet placed there by his family a few years after his death and therefore believed to be an authentic likeness. On the slab covering the grave are carved the well-known lines pronouncing a curse on anyone disturbing the bones. The lines were placed there some years after Shakespeare's death and are not believed to be his, but they have availed to save the grave from being opened, a sacrilege which was once contemplated. A deep solemnity fills and surrounds the church and seems to impregnate the atmosphere for miles around, and there appeared to be less levity in the stream of visitors here than at other places. It is now nearly three hundred years since this humbly-born child of genius left his ashes in this quiet village church, but he still speaks in all tongues and walks the earth with a mighty stride. He shed the many-colored splendors of his imagination over all life and gave us a richer world.

Leaving Stratford-on-Avon we passed through Birmingham, the Pittsburgh of England, riding through miles and miles of mills and factories, and then we came to the place where all modern roads run, as once they ran to Rome.

LONDON

London is the biggest hub of civilization on the planet, the vastest aggregation and ganglionic knot of human beings on the earth. If observers on Mars can discern any dimmest sign of intelligent construction on this planet, as we can see their supposed canals, they would see London as the largest point, for it is incomparably the hugest physical object ever built by human hands. Simply as a space-occupying bulk, it is something gigantic. The exact center of the city is Charing Cross, on the river Thames. From this center the city sends the spokes of its mighty wheel out fifteen miles in every direction, so that it is a circle thirty miles in diameter and ninety miles in circumference. Its population is now about six and a half millions and still it is growing. Already one rides through miles of suburbs in approaching it, and every year it throws farther its huge tentacles and gathers into its grasp a wider territory. It is as though the whole State of Pennsylvania were crowded into Washington County. It covers 700 square miles, and has 7,000 miles of streets, and 900,000 inhabited houses. Perhaps the most striking indication of its vastness is the fact that one hundred railway trains depart from it every hour in the twenty-four. These many lines of railway are the veins

that supply this great heart and the arteries that pour its blood out upon the world. It is the political, financial, social, intellectual, and religious center of England; it is immensely more, for it is the official and vital center of the British Empire and thus throws its tentacles around the globe; and, more still, it is the financial center of the whole world.

The problem of transportation is a pressing one in our great modern cities and London has solved this problem in a peculiar way. There are first seven hundred miles of steam railways in the city. Next there is a great system of underground electric roads ramifying the city from center to circumference. One of these systems consists of tubes sunk deep under the city, sometimes to a depth of a hundred feet or more, passengers being let down to and brought up from the trains by means of great "lifts" or elevators. But the unusual means of surface transportation and curious feature of the London streets are its omnibuses. There are few surface street cars and no abominable elevated roads in the city, but the streets swarm with huge double-decked omnibuses, some of them drawn by horses and others driven by motors. They hold almost as many passengers as street cars and run noiselessly and speedily on rubber tires. By these means one

can ride over the vast area of the city rapidly, and there appeared to be less congestion in London than in New York. While one must take the "Tube" or other railways for considerable distances, the "bus" is the best means of seeing the city. Seated on the upper deck, one rides as if mounted on the back of a huge elephant and goes towering above all the crowded streets and hurrying throngs and changeful scenes and strange sights of this great Babylon. We thus rode through and under and around the city for eight days, feeling its powerful pulse and breathing its breath and trying to realize its majestic meaning and might. It grew on us as a vast organism with a mysterious life of its own. Its tides of life flow through its stone canyons or stone forests ceaselessly day and night; and beneath all the millions of hurrying faces swept along in its rushing streams there are human hearts that have each its own secret of life, bright with hope or dark with disappointment or temptation or tragedy.

THE TOWER

As Edinburgh grew from its great gray rock, so London has its stone core in its Tower. It stands on the Thames near the center of the

city, and as a fortress, a prison, and a palace has played a great and often a dark part in English history. William the Conqueror first built it, and other kings enlarged it into the present great establishment. At first it was a fortress from which the Normans ruled England. It then became a royal residence, and was the scene of many a State function and high revel. In its dungeons many an unhappy prisoner spent tedious days and years, or went out from them to execution. In its court is marked the spot where Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, wives of Henry VIII, Lady Jane Grey, and many other noted persons were beheaded. In its Bloody Tower the two young princes were put to death. Some tragedy is connected with every part of it, and one feels that the whole Tower is spattered with blood. If "murder speaks out of stone walls," these stones must cry day and night. The Tower consists of a great central building, called the White Tower, which is surrounded with a wall with thirteen smaller towers, and this by a second outer wall which is surrounded with a moat, which can still be filled with water. The place is now used as a barracks for English soldiers. A stream of visitors pours into it every week-day, and its bloodstained walls and courts have a strange fascination.

In the White Tower is the armory where there is a wonderful collection of mediæval armor. There are many complete suits of armor, entirely encasing man and horse in metal, often exquisitely chased in steel and inlaid with gold. Some of these suits weigh over a hundred pounds and look very cumbersome. Gunpowder and bullets finally put them out of business. In another tower are the crown jewels and royal regalia of England. Piled up in a steel cage, twenty feet in diameter, are the crowns worn by English kings and queens, sacramental dishes, maces that were carried as insignia of office, all of solid gold, the crowns being thickly set with large jewels and incrusted with smaller gems. It must be one of the greatest collections of jewels and gold plate in the world, and its glittering splendor is a dazzling sight.

Only a brief reference can be made to the British Museum, the greatest in the world, where we saw the original Rosetta Stone and many other priceless treasures of archæology and art. Tucked away in an obscure corner in London near the Tower we found a small ancient church in which we saw in the original books the record of the baptism of William Penn, of the date of October 33, 1644, and of the marriage of John Quincy Adams, signed by his own hand, under

WINDSOR CASTLE

the date of July 26, 1797. London is full of such things.

WINDSOR CASTLE

Fifteen miles out from London, but virtually a part of it, is Windsor Castle, which was one of the most interesting places we visited. It is the chief of the five royal residences provided by the government for the king of England and is one of the most splendid royal establishments in the world. As seen from a distance its battlemented walls and towers fulfill our ideal of what a castle ought to be and a visit within surpasses all expectations. It was founded in early times, has been a growth through ages, and has cost millions of money, about $5,000,000 being expended on it during the reign of Victoria alone. The walls include many buildings and upwards of a thousand people live within its precincts. Visitors are admitted to several of its most important places, but not, of course, into the private apartments of the king and queen. The first building we visited was St. George's Chapel, which is a large church and one of the most beautiful churches in the world. The main window of the nave is of glass of the fourteenth century, and the jewel-like colors surpass in depth and richness the finest work of the present day. The

choir of the church is magnificently decorated in gold and with rich carving and stained glass, and the effect is beautiful beyond description. There are special seats for the king and queen, but they seldom worship there, and have a private chapel in another part of the castle.

We next were shown through the Apartments of State in the castle, or the rooms where noted visitors, such as foreign royalties, are received and entertained. These large rooms and halls, the main banqueting hall being a hundred feet long, were a revelation of royal splendor and seemed to surpass even fairy tales. All that money can buy and art can fashion has been lavished upon these apartments. Pictures from the greatest painters line the walls. One room contains only works by Van Dyck, another is given up to Rubens, and the works of many other famous painters appear. The carpets, furniture, and furnishings are of the most luxurious kind. Armor, plate, and jewelry abound. One jeweled peacock cost $150,000. The eye tired of so much splendor, and we were almost glad to escape from the glittering palace. Are human beings any happier in such magnificence? This very castle has housed many an unhappy heart. King Edward himself does not seem to care for the place, for he lives in it scarcely a month in the year,

and prefers the much smaller Buckingham Palace in London. Before leaving the castle we went down into the dungeons in the cellars of one of the towers and stood in the dark narrow stone cells where many a prisoner has been confined, and squeezed into the horribly cramped cell where the unhappy Anne Boleyn slept the night before her execution. Windsor Castle is magnificent, but one leaves it more contented than ever with his own humble home.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY

We went out to Oxford, forty miles from London, and spent a half-day in one of the two great universities of England. The town contains about fifty thousand inhabitants, and the students number above three thousand. The university consists of a group of twenty-one colleges, each having its own government, professors, students, and courses of instruction. These colleges are federated in a general government which alone has the power of granting degrees. Many of the colleges were founded centuries ago and are rich in historic associations. The buildings are generally mossy with age. Few of them are imposing, but the chapels in many of them are beautiful. The Bodleian Library is the general library

of the university and is famous, but it is a shabby place with a musty air. The Sheldonian Theatre is the historic auditorium where the convocations of the university are held and degrees are granted, and it has witnessed many famous scenes. An American is surprised to find a dignified official in each of these public buildings of the university who intimates that a "trifle," usually a sixpence, is expected from the visitor; but the receiving of tips and fees is so universal in England that even universities are not above the petty business.

The largest and most distinguished college at Oxford is Christ Church, founded by Cardinal Wolsey. It has a fine quadrangle, on one side of which is the beautiful cathedral and on another a splendid hall in which are gathered the portraits of a long line of famous graduates, including King Edward VII, and no fewer than seven prime ministers of the nineteenth century, and standing in that hall one realizes how strong is the historic spirit that pervades these university colleges and binds them into unity and strength. We looked with peculiar interest on the rooms in one corner of the quadrangle in which lives Professor William Sanday, the scholar who is doing so much for advanced yet solid and sane Biblical study. The buildings of

this famous university do not compare in spaciousness and splendor with those of some of our universities and colleges, yet it is not marble and money that make universities, but men; and in men and scholarship and historic spirit these English universities are powerful seats of learning that send out their light and truth into all the world.

IV

SOME LONDON CHURCHES

LONDON is a city of churches, and a view out over the general level shows their spires springing up like a forest. There are about sixteen hundred churches of all kinds, six hundred of them being Anglican, eight hundred Nonconformist, and two hundred being Roman Catholic, Jewish, and foreign. We attended services in five prominent churches, and give brief impressions of them.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

The Church of England, of course, overshadows everything else, and its greatest church, and probably the chief Protestant church in the world, is the stately and renowned Westminster Abbey. The structure is the purest and most perfect piece of Gothic architecture in England. Like nearly all great churches, it has been an evolution and has been centuries in building. When one steps into it he is suddenly ushered into a

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

scene of solemn and splendid magnificence. The nave and transept form a great cross with the vaulted roof more than one hundred feet above the pavement. It is about four hundred feet long in the nave and two hundred feet wide in the transept. Both nave and transept are divided into three aisles by rows of columns rising into pointed arches, over these arches are smaller arches, and high above these is the clerestory through which the light comes. Glorious rose windows of jewel-like coloring are at the ends of nave and transept. The vaulted roof is an intricate network of luxuriant stone ornamentation that looks like delicate frost crystals. Numerous small chapels are tucked away in its side aisles, and one large and splendid one is the chapel of King Henry VII, which is in itself a large church.

A great feature of the Abbey are the graves and monuments of England's mighty dead. The whole Abbey in all its aisles and chapels is literally crowded with these, and it is one great mausoleum. Famous kings of the past, such as Edward I and III, Henry III and VII, Queen Elizabeth, and the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, modern statesmen, such as Peel, Disraeli, and Gladstone, are buried here, and over them are suitable monuments, many of them images carved in marble or cast in bronze. Famous scientists and

poets are here. Newton, J. F. Herschel, Darwin, and Kelvin are among the great scientists. In the famous Poets' Corner are Chaucer, Milton, Dryden; and beautiful it is to see Tennyson and Browning sleeping side by side. Cromwell was buried here, but at the Restoration his body was dug up and cast out. The whole place is a graveyard of greatness and genius so cluttered up with the mighty dead there is scarcely room for the living. Almost every stone in the pavement is inscribed with some great name, and one is constantly walking over the dead. The very atmosphere seems saturated and oppressive with the spirit of the past. All the kings and queens of England since the time of the Conqueror have been crowned here, and the old chair in which they all have sat during the investiture is kept as one of the treasures of the Abbey.

Service is held in the Abbey thrice every weekday and five times on the Sabbath. We attended the Sabbath afternoon service twice. The full service of the Anglican prayer book was used and a sermon was preached. An immense audience on both occasions filled a large part of the transept and nave, being seated on plain benches on the stone floor. The two sermons we heard were by canons of the Abbey, Canons Duckworth and Beeching, who preached sermons of ordinary

merit. Good and wholesome teaching they were, but they would not have got for either of the preachers a call to a Presbyterian church of the first rank in our own country. But the striking feature of the Westminster Abbey service is the music. There is a great organ of singular depth and sweetness and power, touched by a master hand; and the choir is composed of twenty boys and twelve men with voices of rare purity, trained into the highest skill. The singing accompanied by the organ is the grandest church music we ever heard. The boy voices are so pure and clear and fine that one would think they are the voices of the most highly gifted women singers. The volume of music swells into a great mass of rich and powerful chords and then sinks into far-away voices; and it rolls and reverberates through the long aisles and lofty arches, gathering depth and richness and tenderness, until more than anything we ever heard it seemed like music from heaven; and its grand Amen was so satisfying that one felt the "Lost Chord" had indeed been found.

The abbey is deeply in debt, its deanery is mortgaged, and its lofty central tower, planned for it by Sir Christopher Wren, is yet a great architect's dream. England owes it to herself and to the religious world to complete this historic church that is one of the treasures of Christendom. We

took care to visit the famous Jerusalem Chamber in the Abbey, which is so full of interest to Presbyterians, where our Confession of Faith and catechisms were produced, and where the Revised Version of the Bible was made. We looked with special interest on the chair which was occupied during the work of revision by Professor M. B. Riddle, of our Western Theological Seminary.

ST. MARGARET'S AND ST. PAUL'S

St. Margaret's Church is in the same yard with Westminster Abbey, under its very shadow. It is an ancient church and full of the dead. We attended an evening service in this church and found it crowded. The choir was good, but not to be compared with that in the abbey. Canon Henson was the preacher, and we were told by a member of the Anglican Church to make sure of hearing him as one of the best preachers of the Establishment. Smooth-faced, tall and slender, with a clear, penetrating voice, he held his audience closely for twenty-five minutes. His subject was a comparison of Christianity to-day with its ideal at its beginning, and he took as a test of this relation the attitude of the Church to the poor. He thought Christianity has fallen away from its first teachings and works at this

point, but it shows signs of return. The sermon was strong and satisfying. We picked up in a London bookshop a recent sermon by Canon Henson in which he repudiates and unmercifully excoriates the exclusive claims of the High Church Anglicans, quotes an arrogant American Episcopal bishop to say he is "ashamed" of him, and declares such pretensions are the greatest obstacle to Christian union to-day.

St. Paul's Cathedral is another great Anglican church. It was built by Sir Christopher Wren and contains his monument, with its well-known inscription in Latin, to the effect that "if the reader requires a monument let him look around." The cruciform church has a great central dome and is a majestic structure, but it does not compare in solemn beauty with Westminster. It is also a crowded mausoleum and mostly contains the remains of soldiers and statesmen. Its two greatest dead are Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, who died on the deck of his ship in the great victory that saved England from Napoleon's European coalition, and Wellington, the victor of Waterloo, who finally extinguished Napoleon's star. These two men are honored in monuments all over England as the men who saved the country against its greatest enemy and peril. We attended a morning service at St. Paul's, but heard

no sermon. The choir is as large as that of Westminster, and some think it as fine, but while its singing was beautiful it lacked something of the depth and richness of the Abbey music.

THE CITY TEMPLE

We went on a Sabbath morning to the City Temple to hear the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the successor of the eloquent and famous Joseph Parker. Mr. Campbell followed Dr. Parker as an evangelical preacher, but, as is well known, he has in recent years produced a new theology of his own manufacture, and has also turned socialist. The church seats twenty-five hundred, and at the hour of service every seat was filled. The preacher stood before us, tall, gray-haired, smooth-shaven, with an air or expression of deep sadness on his fine face. His voice was not strong, but under the pressure of delivery it grew tense and vibrant, easily filling the house. Some bits of higher criticism came out in his reading and explanation of two Scripture passages. The prayer was reverent, but contained no reference to sin or plea for pardon. The sermon, thirty-five minutes' long, was on the things which can not be shaken. In a historical introduction, the preacher showed that much of

the external fabric of Christianity in its origin had been shaken down but its substance and spirit remained; and he proceeded to apply the same principle to our own times. The creeds of our fathers have changed and we live in a different atmosphere. He went on to affirm that Christianity in no sense consists in or depends upon a creed. "Christianity has no relations whatsoever with opinion; but it is a life." This thought was elaborated and illustrated with great ability.

The preacher presented an important truth that is now generally received; but we felt he went too far in divorcing Christianity from creed. There is no necessary antagonism between creed and life, as he seemed to imply, but they are vitally related. Creed is a part of life and not something aloof from and hostile to it. Yet, barring this extreme statement, it was a masterly sermon, and Mr. Campbell is a great preacher. He held his audience in silent, deep suspense, and evidently carried them with him. We sat beside a member of his church, who said he was holding the congregation and growing in power, and that there had been but slight disaffection on account of Mr. Campbell's theological and socialistic views. We got a much better impression of Mr. Campbell's ability and earnestness from his preaching than we had ob-

tained from his books; and it is to be hoped that one so richly gifted with spiritual power may find his way back nearer to our historic faith.

WESTMINSTER CHAPEL

On a Sabbath evening we went to hear Dr. Campbell Morgan in his church, which is of the Congregational body, and is known as the Westminster Chapel. We found it crowded to the doors. It is a very large church, with two galleries running around the auditorium, and must seat at least three thousand. The preacher was tall and slender, black-robed, as all English preachers are, with a long, narrow face, and a voice of great compass and power. His prayer was long, and the sermon extended to fifty minutes, although it was probably shorter than usual, as it was to be followed with a communion service. The preacher's subject was "Jesus as Our Ideal," and, after an introduction, was presented under the four heads of the spirituality, the submissiveness, the sympathy, and the strength of Jesus. Viewed from a homiletic standpoint the sermon was faulty. It did not naturally grow out of the text, which plainly suggested other lines of thought and was mostly forgotten by both preacher and audience; and it was loose and ver-

bose in construction. But viewed from the practical standpoint it was tremendously effective. The preacher was vivid in his descriptions, striking in his illustrations, and intense and dramatic in his delivery. He gripped his great audience in the start and held it to the end. Best of all, he preached Jesus Christ, and pressed Him upon men as their Lord and Saviour. We missed in Westminster Chapel the music of Westminster Abbey and the charm of Mr. Campbell's poetic genius, but we came away from that service satisfied with something deeper and better.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND

Space will not permit an account of our visit to the House of Parliament, a most imposing building, where we passed through the chamber of the House of Lords, and the vastly more important chamber of the House of Commons, the place where English history has been made, where great voices have spoken, and whence have sprung our political roots; and we must also pass many other things that interested us in England. Just as we were leaving the country it was having its periodical "naval scandal," and there had been some attempt to get up a scare over alleged German spies, who turned out to be Rudyard Kip-

ling and a few friends who were looking over some property in western England! The English newspapers are hardly the equal of ours in enterprise, especially in telegraphic service and foreign news, but they are not hysterical, indulge in no screaming headlines, and it is a point of honor with them to tell the truth. There appears, however, to be a lack of that sense of humor which is the saving salt of our political and social life. Emerson said of England that "it is the best of nations," and we suspect that this judgment still stands. We have been impressed with its solidity—all its towns and cities are better built than ours—its self-possession, its deep historic roots, its democratic spirit, and its vigorous life and strength. We Americans ought to be proud of old England; she at least made us, or mothered us, and that is part of her glory and of ours.

V

IN HOLLAND AND ON THE RHINE

A DISTRESSFUL night in crossing the English Channel in a little boat that bobbed about like an eggshell on the choppy sea brought us to Flushing, in Holland, whence we proceeded by train to The Hague, the capital of the country. The two distinctive features of the Dutch landscape were at once conspicuous—dykes and windmills. The dykes are embankments cast up around the shore to keep the sea out, the land of about half the country lying below the level of the sea. They are only sandbanks a few feet high, and as storms send waves beating against them and rolling over them, they are constantly watched and kept in repair. These dykes have played a great part in the history of the country, as in the Spanish wars the Dutch let the waters in to drive the Spaniards out. Dykes also crisscross the whole country, and everywhere there are canals lying at different levels, the main arteries running into the sea and being used for boats, so that one may see ships sailing right through the land.

The main problem of some countries is to get water, but the main problem of Holland is to get rid of it. All the fields are bordered with ditches that lie full of water, and when it rains the fields are flooded. This surplus water must all be pumped into the higher canals, so that it may be carried to the sea. The Dutchman has water to sell, give away, or burn, for he must get rid of it some way, or drown. Yet in spite of its abundance it appears that it cannot satisfy his thirst, and he is much given to the use of "bier" (mark the ominous spelling of the word). Water, however, does one great thing for Holland: it is a perpetual irrigation which keeps the fields a vivid green, makes all vegetation grow luxuriantly, and produces remarkable crops. Dutch farming surpasses even English farming in intensive cultivation and heavy harvests. We saw men and women—for women work like men in Holland, and seemed as strong as horses—harvesting the dense crops of hay and wheat and gathering beets, which are raised by the acre for sugar.

The abundance of water gives rise to the second distinctive feature of the Dutch landscape—the windmill. This is an octagonal tower surmounted with four great arms, or vanes, twenty or more feet long, which swing around lazily, but with tremendous power in even a light wind. These mills

dot the level land in every direction, and at one view we counted twenty. Some of them grind grain or drive saws for cutting lumber, but most of them are engaged in the everlasting business of pumping water from lower to higher levels. We visited one of the windmills, and found it a very primitive piece of machinery. The great arms turned an axle that was geared with wooden cog-wheels to a gang of six upright saws in the mill below. With the aid of a little German and much gesticulation we got the owner to try to set the cumbrous thing in motion, but after turning the top of the tower so that the vanes faced the scarcely-perceptible breeze, he declared there was "nicht vindt," and so we could not "see the wheels go round." The fact, however, that the wheel would drive a gang of six saws through a pine log showed the surprising power of the crude machine, and suggested that the atmosphere is a vast reservoir of energy that we have scarcely tapped.

Another peculiar feature of Dutch life is the queer headgear worn by the women. This consists of bangles, sometimes of silver, but nearly always of gold, either pinned to a white cap of lace so that they hang at the temples or above the eyes, or fastened on a band of solid silver or gold running around the back of the head. They

are made in different styles, according as they are worn by women from different rural districts (they are seldom seen in the cities), and in some cases they project like horns or assume other fearsome shapes. We thought them anything but becoming, and compared them with the fantastic headdress of savage African women. Yet as these things cost upwards of a hundred dollars, and are "the style," the Dutch women doubtless think them handsome. The Dutch peasants commonly wear wooden shoes, and as they go clattering along in these clumsy things and in coarse short dresses, they present a ludicrous appearance. But they were dressed according to their own custom and taste, and doubtless equally wondered and laughed at our strange clothes.

THE HAGUE AND AMSTERDAM

The Hague is a city of 230,000 people, with fine streets and residences. We visited the two royal palaces and were shown through the rooms containing many fine paintings and other works of art. The palace on the edge of the city in a beautiful grove was the place of meeting of the first International Peace Conference in 1899, which held its sessions in a large room which is remarkable for its paintings, all by disciples of

Rubens. Queen Wilhelmina only occasionally visits this palace, but resides in the palace in the city, although she spends there only three or four months in the year. All over Europe royalty is a costly burden in the number of palaces that must be kept up for the reigning family. There is an art gallery in The Hague with many good pictures, and several famous ones, especially the well-known "School of Anatomy," by Rembrandt, a wonderful piece of portraiture, which after nearly three hundred years holds its splendid coloring undimmed.

Amsterdam, with 600,000 population, is the commercial metropolis of Holland. Its main streets are mostly canals, so that it is a kind of Venice, and it has many narrow and dirty streets in which the old buildings lean out at the top and threaten to fall on the passers-by. We visited an old village on an island out in the Zuider Zee, where we saw Dutch life in its primitive simplicity. The art gallery in Amsterdam also has one famous painting by Rembrandt, the "Night-watch," besides a number of others by the same painter, in its large collection, which is the best in Holland.

Amsterdam is the center of the diamond-cutting industry, and we were shown through the largest establishment of the kind in the world.

The processes by which the rough stones are split and then cut and polished, were exhibited and explained to us. The diamonds in the rough looked like pebbles or stones that one would not stop to pick up in the street or on the shore; but the finished stones gleamed and sparkled with coruscating fire as they lay before us in a glittering mass. Polishing, or educating, them brings out their hidden beauty. The best cutters earn about twenty-five dollars a week, which does not seem large wages for such highly skilled work. There are some great names associated with Amsterdam. Rembrandt, one of the greatest of painters, wrought and died here, and Spinoza, whose Dutch brain dreamed out a great system of philosophy, for a time lived here and made his living grinding spectacle lenses.

On the way from Flushing to Amsterdam we passed through Dordrecht, where the Synod of Dort met in 1618, an important event in the history of the Reformed churches, and Rotterdam, another large commercial city. Holland is about one-third the size of Pennsylvania, with about the same population. It is a small country, always threatened by the sea, but the Dutch are a brave and patient people, who have written some glorious pages of history. They are provincial and somewhat dull, deficient in grace and

CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE

polish, but they are of genuine worth and have enriched the world in commerce, letters, and art.

COLOGNE

A ride of six hours on an express train brought us from Amsterdam to Cologne, crossing the German border and passing through a great fuss at the German customs station. The central attraction of Cologne, with its 400,000 people, is its famous Cathedral, which is one of the great magnets of the world. One gets a view of it as he enters on the railway, and it looms up over the city with impressive effect. This finest piece of Gothic architecture in the world was begun in 1248, and it took nearly a hundred years to build the choir. Work proceeded slowly until the opening of the sixteenth century, when it was suspended for three hundred years. During this time the unfinished building fell into decay, and pine trees were growing in the top of one of the towers and the other was only a heap of stone. Work on the Cathedral was resumed in 1823, and it was finally completed in 1880.

The huge building is 511 feet long, 281 feet wide in the transepts, the height of the groined ceiling is 145 feet above the floor, and the twin towers are 511 feet high, the highest in Eu-

rope. Viewed on the outside the Cathedral looks like a mountain of stone, all richly carved. The front presents five tiers of arches rising one above another, the two towers terminating in spires, all of stone. Viewed on the inside, the spectacle is one of surpassing magnificence and solemn splendor. The stone pillars forming the aisles rise into pointed arches, and finally spread out in an elaborately-groined roof. The windows are richly colored, and are glorious visions. There are eight chapels around the chancel, but there are few tombs, and the Cathedral is not a mausoleum like Westminster Abbey; compared with Westminster, however, the Cologne Cathedral, of course, excels it in size and grandeur, yet we felt that the Abbey has a richness of beauty and a tender, ineffable glory that are not quite equaled by the Cathedral. Some of this difference may be due to the fact that much of the Cathedral is so modern as to be new, whereas the Abbey is soaked and saturated with the historic spirit. It takes centuries to mellow and transfigure a great building. But the Cathedral of Cologne is easily the grandest Gothic church in the world, and is one of the triumphs and treasures of the human race. Yet the name of the original architect has been lost, and it stands as the monument of some unknown genius.

We climbed the five hundred and eighteen stone steps that lead up to the base of the spire, three hundred and twenty-five feet above the pavement, the path winding around over various parts of the building, and this not only gave us a fine view of the city and the Rhine, but gave us a closer view of the flying buttresses and pinnacles and hollow, tapering spires, so that we saw the building as a vast mountain and forest of stone.

ON THE RHINE

A whole day was spent in passing up the Rhine on a steamer from Cologne to Bingen; "fair Bingen-on-the-Rhine." The Rhine is about the size of the Hudson, and strongly resembles it in picturesque scenery. The river winds around among green hills and is an ever-changing panorama. The hills in the upper portion of the river become steep and are often bare rock. Yet they have been terraced with stone walls, and are planted with vineyards or with hop vines, and are cultivated and made to yield rich crops with almost infinite labor and patience. The river also swarms with big freight steamers and barges, and does an immense business in trade, which we were told is a development of recent years, showing the growing prosperity of Germany.

The great feature of the Rhine, however, are the castles which line its shores, especially in the upper part of its course. These castles date from the tenth century downwards, all of them being ancient. They are generally located on high, steep summits, and some of them are perched on lofty and apparently inaccessible crags. A few are at lower levels, and one stands in the middle of the river. Most of them are ruins, but some of them are still occupied. Their battlemented walls and towers stand out against the green hills and blue sky like sharp etchings, and give picturesque beauty to the scene. Of course they were built for purposes of defense and offense, and were scenes of siege, robbery, murder, and every kind of oppression and crime. Many traditions and legends weave their weird tales around them. They are relics of a rude age, and it is well that they have fallen into disuse. Yet a fascination of romance and glory still clings to them, and men do well to preserve their moss-covered ruins, and not let their story pass into oblivion.

The whole Rhine Valley is stamped with the footprints of history. Cæsar crossed it at one point, and Emperor William I at another, and some notable event happened at almost every mile of its course. Many nations have fought over it,

and it has been the theater of great events from the dawn of history. This historic spell that lies upon it and impregnates its atmosphere deepens its interest. A rare pleasure and one of the most delightful experiences of our tour was the day spent on the castled and storied Rhine.

VI

IN GERMANY

TWELVE hours on fast express trains brought us from Bingen-on-the-Rhine to Berlin. We stopped two hours at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where we looked at the house in which Goethe was born. On the way from Frankfort to Berlin we passed through Eisenach, where Luther went to school, and saw nearby the tower of the Wartburg Castle, in which he was kept hidden by his friends when his life was in danger; through Erfurt, in which he became a monk, and Wittenberg, where he nailed on the church door his famous thesis that shook the papal grasp off Germany and created Protestantism; and also through Weimar, where Goethe lived fifty-six years and where he and Schiller sleep side by side.

This journey and other journeys through Germany gave us a view of this country. The harvests were being gathered and they were very heavy. The land is cultivated so as to utilize every foot of ground, and the timothy and wheat

stood in dense masses. The fields of grain were small, but the yield was large. We were surprised at the extent of forestation in Germany, which appeared to exceed that of our own country. There were large areas of pine forests in which the tall, slender trees stood thick in regular rows, showing they had been planted. Drainage ditches ran through the forests, and the forest floor was kept clean and neat. We learned the trees are culled out for lumber and fuel, and also large amounts of pine are used for festal decorations. The government exercises careful supervision over the forestation of the country, and trees can be cut only in accordance with law. Germany in controlling her forests is exercising that conservation of natural resources which is beginning to concern us, and which we must attend to if we are not to turn our country into a barren waste.

In conversation with several well-informed Germans, we learned that Germany is generally prosperous, and has been but slightly affected by the industrial depression that has so seriously affected America, and, in some degree, England. The country has developed its agriculture, and especially its manufacturing industries, wonderfully during the reign of the present Kaiser, and is one of the most prosperous countries of Europe.

The strenuous and masterful William II, between whom and our own Roosevelt there is such evident affinity, has undoubtedly awakened Germany out of its lethargy, and infused into the whole empire some of his own vim and vigor. All of the Germans with whom we have talked spoke in the highest terms of the Emperor, and were proud of his ability and his achievements in strengthening and developing the empire. We asked one intelligent gentleman if the Germans thought the Emperor talked too much and somewhat rashly, and he said they thought he had done so in his earlier years, but had now gained experience, and was wiser; and when asked if there is any danger of the Kaiser's plunging the country into war, he thought not, and declared the Kaiser is a man of peace, though admitting the country was near to war with France during the Moroccan affair.

BERLIN

We arrived in Berlin near midnight, and were driven to our hotel through brilliantly-lighted streets and down its famous Unter den Linden. The city now has two and a half million people, is the third city of Europe, and growing rapidly. Its streets are wide, with solid blocks of stone

UNTER DEN LINDEN

buildings, interspersed with beautiful plazas and parks, and it more closely resembles New York than any city we have yet visited. A drive around the capital showed us something of its magnitude and splendor. Everywhere are seen statues of kaisers and great generals and statesmen, and many are the monuments commemorating victories, especially the victory over France in 1871, the crushing defeat that paid off old scores against that country and settled up the account with Napoleon Bonaparte for trampling Germany under his feet. Soldiers are everywhere in evidence in Germany, and the gleam and flash of their brilliant uniforms and polished helmets are seen in all crowds and on all occasions. Yet the "mailed fist" of the Kaiser was no more felt by us than is the President's "big stick" in our own country, and we suspect the Germans are about as little burdened and bound by their government as we are by ours. People seemed to go about their business and to be as free under the Kaiser as under a president.

We got only an outside view of the gilded-domed house of parliament, and of the Kaiser's city palace, but we went sixteen miles out to Potsdam, where are several royal palaces, and where the Emperor lives in the summer, though he was absent in Norway at the time of our visit.

We were shown through the Old Palace, where Frederick the Great lived, and also through another palace, the Sans Souci, built by Frederick the Great, and in which he died, only seeing at a distance the New Palace, in which Emperor William II now lives. These palaces are rich in fine paintings and other works of art, and we looked with interest and some awe on many of the personal belongings of the great Frederick. The bodyguard of the German Emperor have their barracks at Potsdam, and we closely observed a company of them as they marched by. They were picked men, and gave us an impression of the terrible efficiency as a fighting machine of the German army.

On Sabbath, July 26, we attended morning service in the Berlin cathedral. The Lutheran Church, of course, is the State Church, and the Emperor has a private gallery in the cathedral, or Dom, which stands across the street from his seven-hundred-roomed palace. The building is a large cruciform structure, surmounted with a great dome. Within, it has a main floor under the dome, and galleries in the octagonal sides of the auditorium, the whole seating about twenty-five hundred people. It is plain in its decoration, and little resembles a cathedral, and is not specially beautiful. The church was crowded and

many stood in the aisles during the service, a good proportion of them being men. There was only an organ, and no choir, and the people sang the hymns to slow choral music. But even the congregational singing lacked volume and spirit, and was not what we expected of Germans. We could perceive that the preacher was a good speaker, and his earnest sermon held the great audience in quiet, eager attention to the end. As interpreted to us by a friend, the sermon was a strongly evangelical appeal to have Christ within and live His gospel in our lives. A giant statue of Luther stood over the pulpit, and looked down upon the service with uplifted hand, as if pronouncing his benediction upon it.

The forenoon of the Sabbath was passed quietly, but in the afternoon the Continental Sunday set in. There were practically no evening services, and the rest of the day was given up to recreation and pleasure. Unter den Linden, the great central artery of the city, swarmed with carriages and automobiles, and people crowded the sidewalks and occupied the benches under the trees. The throng was composed of all classes and was orderly and quiet. In the evening the beer halls and gardens were in full blast, though stores remained closed, and crowds of men and women sat around tables, sipping beer and wine

and listening to the music of fine bands. In one such garden probably five thousand people were thus assembled. No intoxication or disorder was observed, but pleasure was the order of the hour. The scene made a painful impression on us, and it is to be earnestly hoped that the Continental Sunday will not be permitted to invade our own country. Multitudes of Germans are beer-soaked and wine-saturated, and this fact is stamped upon their heavy, dull faces. Americans generally excite surprise by their declining the wine list in hotels and restaurants—a declination that the waiters sometimes receive with an ill-concealed look or grunt of displeasure—and on this account they are unwelcome in some hotels.

A long conversation on a train with an intelligent German gave a view of the religious condition of the country. He was a rationalist who had evidently rejected all supernaturalism in religion, but he affirmed his faith in Christianity as the best religion, said he attended church and even favored foreign missions. When asked what was his view of the Bible and of Christ, he simply said, "You have read Harnack," and indicated he agreed with him. He said the German Protestant pastors generally imbibe rationalistic views at the universities and teach them in their pulpits. When asked if these views were under-

mining Christianity in the country, he answered with an emphatic negative, and said that Germany is as religious as ever. The test of such views, however, comes in the second and third generations. Traditional faith has great momentum and will keep up its movement a long while, but its energy must be renewed or it will become spent.

DRESDEN

One hundred and eight miles by rail south of Berlin brought us to Dresden, the capital of Saxony, with 600,000 people. It is an art center, noted for its culture and refinement, and many English and Americans reside here for purposes of rest and study. It is a city beautiful, and its life is marked by leisure and quiet. People walk its streets with unhurrying feet and serene faces, and there is a noticeable absence of the feverish haste and heat that turn so many cities into boiling caldrons. The great attraction of the city is the Royal Picture Gallery, that is the largest and finest collection of paintings in Europe north of Italy. Its art treasures were gathered in the eighteenth century by the Electors of Saxony, and the collection now contains twenty-four hundred paintings, many of them of world fame. The finest painting in the gallery,

and probably the finest in the world, is Raphael's Sistine Madonna, which was painted by the artist at the request of the Pope, in 1515, for a monastery in Italy. It was bought for the Dresden gallery in 1753, for $45,000, and it is said that Italy has since offered $200,000 for its return; but it is now a treasure beyond price. The Virgin mother, holding her Child, stands in a parted curtain behind which are angels, as though she had stepped out of heaven. The depth and mystery of expression in her face and in the face of the Child are wonderful. For nearly four hundred years the generations have come and gone and gazed at this picture, and marveled at the vision. Among other famous paintings in the gallery are Correggio's "Holy Night," "Jesus in the Temple," by Hoffman, who lives in Dresden, at the age of eighty-four, and is ranked as the greatest living artist, Munkacsy's "Christ on the Cross," and hundreds of others by Titian, Murillo, Rubens, Rembrandt, and other great names in the world of art.

Room after room of the large building is filled with these paintings, many of which are now beyond price. Biblical scenes abound, but all scenes, from tragedy to comedy, from humble life to great personages and events, are depicted. These artists have caught the joys and the sorrows, the

hopes and fears, the triumphs and the tragedies of the world, and fixed them upon these canvases in imperishable colors. Many of them have held the gaze of the world for centuries. They abide while the generations go, so that it might be thought that men are the shadows and they are the realities. They bring out into sharp relief and vivid color the inner meaning of life. They are great educators, and minister to the culture and enrichment, as well as to the pleasure, of the world. Yet one soon begins to tire as he walks through these interminable galleries, through all this riot of color. After a few hours one reaches the saturation point, and feels that he can hold no more, and that paint is oozing out of his pores and dripping from his fingers. All pictures then begin to blend into one blur of color, and one must retire and return another day. A short visit only discloses treasures which it would take weeks and months to study.

In all of these famous galleries will be seen men and women who are copying the great masters. They set their easels up before a masterpiece and patiently toil away for weeks in reproducing it. These are often men and women of talent, who can copy well, but they do not have the genius to originate. In some instances the copy closely resembles the original in mechanical

features, and it would be difficult to find a line wrong, and yet in almost every instance the copy lacks the subtle soul of the original. It was noticeable that the copies were nearly always stronger in color than the original, even after some allowance was made for the mellowing influence of time. Where the master restrained his brush to quiet tones, the disciple dipped his brush in more vivid colors and produced a louder picture. It is nearly always so; the disciple lacks the restraint of the master and outdoes him by pushing his characteristic virtues into faults.

Near by the Royal Gallery in the palace is a museum known as the Green Vault, where is a famous collection of jewels, swords, clocks, curios, regalia, and other treasures gathered by the Electors of Saxony. There are diamonds and other precious stones in blazing heaps, and many exquisite and wonderful products of the jeweler's art. It is said to be the greatest collection of jewels in the world, and the estimated value of the museum and the gallery runs up into hundreds of millions of dollars. A half-day was spent in this museum, and then we felt we had again reached the point of saturation, and did not care to see another curio, though it were a marvelous clock, an amazing piece of Chinese carving in ivory, or a big ruby presented by Peter the

Great. We were also shown through the rooms containing the gold and silver plate, the china, and the linen now used in the palace. But all these splendors cannot comfort the heart of the lonely and broken-hearted king of Saxony, for a few years ago his wife, whom he adored, eloped with the French tutor of her children, and is now a disgraced exile in Italy. These great royal palaces contain many a skeleton.

NUREMBERG AND MUNICH

Southern Germany is old Germany, where one gets down closest to the bed-rock and primitive life of the country. Nuremberg is the quaintest city in Europe. We had thought of it as a town of 20,000 or 30,000 people, and were surprised to find it a city of 300,000. Many of these old German cities are growing by leaps and bounds. Nuremberg is mossy with age, and takes us back into the Middle Ages. Its queer steep-roofed and red-tiled houses are a distinctive feature. Often there are five or six stories, with quaint dormer windows, in the roof, and we learned that these are mostly used for the storage of fuel. One of the attractions of the city is the ancient castle, which was the seat of the Hohenzollerns, from whom

the present German Emperor is descended. In the tower of the castle is a collection of instruments of torture used in the "good old times." It tried one's nerves to look on the rack that had pulled men to pieces, on the "iron lady" which opened in front and then embraced and crushed her victim with sharp spikes, and on the sword that had cut off hundreds of heads. We live in an age of "sweeter manners, purer laws."

The last city we visited in Germany was Munich, a place of half a million people, another art center which is becoming a modern manufacturing city. It has two great galleries, the Old Gallery, containing works by the old masters, and the New Gallery, containing only modern works. We made a visit to each gallery, and saw many beautiful and some wonderful pictures, but so short a visit was like wading through a flood of color. Yet some impressions were caught that memory will long keep.

VII

IN AUSTRIA AND ITALY

FROM Germany we passed into Austria, making our first stop at Innsbruck, a beautiful city of fifty thousand, lying in the Austrian Alps. The mountains tower up around the city from eight to twelve thousand feet high, with snow lying in the gullies around their tops. We did a little mountain climbing, and found that a taste of it whetted the appetite for more, and enabled us to understand the fascination of the mountain heights that lure so many to daring and some to death. Few things are so deceptive as mountain distances. A mass of glittering snow that did not seem more than an hour away up the mountain, after two and a half hours' climbing still tantalized us, and was probably another two hours away.

We passed on through the Austrian Tyrol, spending a night at Bozen, and then over the Brenner Pass into Italy. The mountains were piled in confusion all around us, some of them sheer precipices of variously-colored rock, and

some of them capped with snow, and the scenery at times was magnificent. As soon as we crossed the divide and began to descend into Italy we felt the balmier breath of the south and were presently under a warm Italian sun.

German Austria does not differ in language and differs little in appearance from Germany, though the men were noticeably smaller. There was a smart sprinkle of gayly-uniformed soldiers in the cities and along the railways, and the query arose whether Austria, poor and burdened, needs so many. When one saw gold-laced officers walking along the road and women working in the fields close by, one wondered whether there was not something wrong in such an economic and social system.

IN ITALY

The Alps rapidly break down into the plains of Italy, and we rode over a level floor through a rich country from Verona to Venice. There was more Indian corn than we had seen elsewhere in Europe, but comparatively little grain of any kind. The whole plain was one great fruit orchard, with miles of vineyards, and peach, plum, apricot, olive, and other fruit trees. The grapes hung in dense clusters on the vines, and the trees were loaded with fruit. Northern Italy

is a rich garden, and one could soon see why it has been so eagerly coveted and stubbornly fought for by so many peoples. One also soon struck historic ground in Italy. Verona has a place in history, and the remains of its Roman walls could be seen from the train, and in passing through Padua one looked with peculiar interest on the buildings of the university from which such men as Savonarola, Tasso, Ariosto, Plutarch, and Galileo were graduated.

VENICE

The level plain became spotted with bits of salt water, a city loomed up out at sea, the train ran across a long stone bridge of 222 arches, and we stepped out into Venice, the most unique city in the world. Here in the fifth century the fiery Huns from the north drove the fleeing inhabitants from the shore to the islands out in the Adriatic, and the humble huts they built grew into this strange city that was once one of the most powerful republics of Europe, and is now full of the departed glories of the past. The city is built on 117 islands, and has 150 canals, crossed by 378 bridges, and has 180,000 inhabitants. Every one is familiar with pictures and paintings of the city and has read descriptions of it, and it fully met and satisfied our expectations. The

railroad landed us on the Grand Canal, which winds through the city in the shape of the letter S, and is intersected with an intricate network of smaller canals. The Grand Canal is upwards of 100 feet wide and 12 or 15 feet deep, and the smaller canals are often very narrow and tortuous.

We were quickly placed in gondolas, which carry four passengers each, and the gondolier propelled and steered the strange craft with a single oar over a winding course across the city to our hotel. The long, slender boat, with its sharp prow and iron beak standing high out of the water, glides smoothly and gracefully along, picking and pushing its way through the throng of gondolas and other boats, while the gondoliers hail and warn one another and keep up a jabbering and jawing that threatens war, but never comes to blows. The stone steps of the houses and palaces run right down into the water, though there are also many streets and narrow alleys, and one can go over most of the city on dry land. The gondoliers are not as musical as they are popularly supposed to be. Few of them did any singing, but, in the evening, boats containing "opera companies" would anchor out in the Grand Canal and attract a swarm of gondolas by their good singing, passing the hat at frequent

intervals for a small fee. There are now also many electric and steam boats of larger size on the canals, and even ocean liners come into the Grand Canal. Five or six Italian warships lay at the entrance of the Grand Canal, and each morning sent a salute booming over the city.

Though there are no street cars, automobiles, and other vehicles to add to the noise of the city, yet Venice is noisy enough, especially with bells. There are a hundred churches in it, and most of them have belfries in which bells are frequently rung, marking the hours, festal days, services, and so on. Sleep was rendered impossible for us on the first morning after our arrival, for in the early hours there was a tremendous commotion among the belfries, and we realized the sonorous significance of Edgar Allan Poe's "bells, bells, bells," though we re-bell-ed against them. The Venetians and the Italians generally are noisy people, and with all the clatter of their tongues, the cries and wrangling of the gondoliers, the striking of the hours and ringing of bells, Venice is not at all as silent as its sea, but holds its own in noise with other cities.

The heart of Venice is the Piazza, or Square, of St. Mark, around which are its famous Cathedral, Royal Palace, Ducal Palace, and other buildings that are relics of the splendid days of

the city. The Cathedral of St. Mark is as unique as Venice itself. Its architecture is not Gothic, but Greek, though the style is mixed and there are Gothic additions. It is a cruciform, surmounted by a central dome and a dome on each arm of the cross, making five in all. Over the five portals are pictures that at first look like gaudy paintings, but which turn out to be mosaics inlaid with minute blocks of colored glass, the background being gold enameled with glass. On entering one finds practically the whole interior above the lower walls covered with this same mosaic work, there being more than an acre of it in all. Many Biblical and historical scenes are portrayed in elaborate pictures, all patiently and artistically inlaid, the most delicate shades being produced without the touch of a brush. The floors, lower walls, pillars, and pulpits are constructed of fine colored marbles. These marbles and many of the other treasures of the building were gathered from almost every quarter of the globe by the Venetian merchants and soldiers, especially by the Crusaders returning from the East. The Cathedral itself is one vast mosaic inlaid with precious metals and stones, a museum of art treasures of the mediæval world.

The interior, consisting of the rather short nave and transept, surmounted by the five domes,

ST. MARK'S SQUARE, VENICE

lacks the lofty grandeur of the Gothic cathedral, but the general effect of its rich marbles and gold background inlaid with bright pictures is magnificent. It struck us as strange, however, that its windows are all plain white glass, and stained glass would certainly pour a flood of splendor over its glory. As the great structure stands on yielding ground, its floor is uneven, and the whole building is more or less twisted, and yet it shows no crack, and will doubtless stand for centuries. The Campanile, or bell tower, of the Cathedral, which stood nearby, three hundred and twenty feet high, fell in 1902, and is now being rebuilt, and has risen about one hundred feet. The broken pavement around it shows the effect of that tremendous downfall.

The Ducal Palace stands by the Cathedral, and is one of the most beautiful buildings in Europe. In it Venetian architecture and art flowered out into their full-blown blossom. Here the Doges, or elected rulers of Venice, resided in their power and pomp, and this palace remains as the husk of their departed glory. It is enriched throughout with fine paintings on its walls and ceilings, its exterior pillars and porticoes are carved marble, and all the world was ransacked to furnish and adorn it. The famous "Bridge of Sighs" connects the palace with the prison, and we went

down into the dark and narrow stone dungeons in which prisoners of note were confined, and stood on the spot where they were executed, and saw where their blood ran through the floor into the sea.

The way in which art treasures in former days were looted is illustrated by the case of the four famous bronze horses that stand over the portal of the Cathedral. They originally belonged in Rome, Constantine carried them to Constantinople, Venice stole them from Constantinople, Napoleon, when he was robbing Italy of art treasures right and left, carried them off to Paris, and in 1815 they were restored to Venice. But was not Pekin looted by Europeans and Americans?

FLORENCE

Our next stop was Florence, the city of flowers, where we spent two delightful days. It is a city of 220,000 people, and is beautiful for situation, lying on the Arno River, surrounded by a rim of mountains. The first thing we saw, on looking out of our hotel the morning after our arrival, was a marble tablet on the house across the street, containing a Latin inscription to the effect that Americans Vespucius was born and lived in that "domo," and thus we found our-

selves on a spot of peculiar interest to Americans. Little did that Italian boy think as he played in and around that house that he would give his name to a far new world, from which travelers would come to visit the city and house of his birth.

This experience was a fitting introduction to Florence, for it is a city of memories, crowded with the great names and events and works of the past. It has passed through revolution after revolution and been again and again drenched in blood. The Republic of Florence filled a large place in mediæval history, and the powerful family of the Medici acquired immortal fame and infamy. Here Savonarola played his part as a pioneer of human liberty, Galileo made his great discoveries, and paid the penalty of his intellectual originality, Machiavelli developed and exercised his peculiar craft as a statesman; and such men of supreme genius as Dante in poetry, Michelangelo in sculpture and architecture and painting, Raphael in painting, and Rossini in music lived and wrought, besides a host of eminent, but less famous, artists. As a result of this history Florence has immense and priceless collections of art treasures, and is probably the greatest art center in the world.

Of the many art galleries in the city we went

through the three chief ones, and saw famous masterpieces of painting by Raphael, Rubens, Rembrandt, and others, and of sculpture by Michelangelo, the greatest artistic genius Florence, or the world, has produced since Phidias. His giant statue of David instantly impressed one with its noble dignity and strength. Of the ninety-four churches in Florence, many of them celebrated for their art, we visited four or five. The church of Santa Croce, or Holy Cross, contains the tombs of Michelangelo, Galileo, Machiavelli, Rossini, and many other famous men, and is the Westminster Abbey of Florence. The tomb of Michelangelo, by his pupils, is very fine, with its mourning figures in marble, but the tomb of Rossini, the composer of "William Tell" and "Stabat Mater," by a young sculptor still living in Florence, we thought the most fitting and beautiful piece of monumental work we had ever seen. The Domo, or Cathedral, of Florence has an imposing and highly-ornamented exterior of colored marbles, but is severely plain within. While we were in it a monk was delivering a sermon in earnest tones to an audience of about a hundred people in one of the transepts. Two of the churches we visited had been frescoed by Florentine artists, and the pictures were afterwards covered with whitewash or plaster, and

thus remained hidden for centuries. The white-wash is now being dissolved off by chemical means, and thus the beautiful work is being restored.

The Museum of St. Mark was formerly the monastery in which Savonarola lived, and he preached in the church connected with it. We visited his cell, and saw the few relics of the great Dominican monk and reformer that are now carefully preserved. We also looked up into the window in the tower of the palace of the Medici, where he was confined as a prisoner, and stood with mournful interest on the spot, now marked with a brass plate, where he was burned. One of the most costly and splendid tombs the world contains is the Chapel of the Medici, where many of the members of this famous family lie buried. It cost three and a half million dollars, its interior is rich mosaic work, and it contains some of Michelangelo's greatest productions. We also saw the house in which Dante dwelt, the villa in which Michelangelo lived, the observatory in which Galileo made his astronomical discoveries, and the castle in which he was imprisoned, the house in which Robert Browning lived and wrote, and the grave of his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in the English cemetery.

As one walks through these streets and palaces and galleries and churches and tombs through and around which the human tides have beat for centuries, so rich and splendid in all that wealth and art can produce, and thinks how the great and powerful rulers that once inhabited them and the men of genius that reared and adorned them have alike vanished into the unseen, he realizes with peculiar pathos how frail is man, and how fleeting is his glory. But these men of Florence have left behind them fabrics of poetry and painting, architecture, sculpture, and song that the world will not willingly let perish.

VIII

ROME

"AND so we came to Rome," wrote Paul, who felt the central attraction of this great hub of the mighty rim of empire that then ran around the world; and the same attraction still exerts its mystic power. "All roads lead to Rome" is one of the most widely spread proverbs of the world, and the Eternal City has for a longer period and in a greater degree than any other been the center towards which all mundane things have gravitated. In the days of its imperial power and splendor it ruled the world with a ruthless hand, and now it is the seat of a spiritual depotism, which, as Voltaire said, is "the ghost of the Roman Empire sitting on its grave."

We arrived at midnight of Saturday, August 8, and were driven to a fine hotel near the center of the city. The Tiber runs through it from north to south, and we soon got hold of its general plan. To the south of us lay the ruins of the Roman Forum and Colosseum, and to the west

across the Tiber, was St. Peter's, these being the two chief points. There are many modern buildings and wide streets, but most of the streets are narrow, and with their buildings are at least several centuries old, and ancient Roman ruins are interspersed through the city, though the Forum is the great center of these remains.

On Sabbath morning we went to St. Peter's, where we witnessed and heard the morning high mass. About thirty priests, in white and richly-embroidered robes, were engaged in it before one of the altars, forming a spectacular service that drew around it a crowd of curious observers. The music of the choir of men and boys was fine, though not equal to that in Westminster Abbey. The service, of course, was in Latin, and was a long and complicated affair of mumbled Scripture and prayers, bowings and genuflections, kissing the Bible, elevating the bread and drinking the wine of the Lord's Supper, scattering incense, and numerous other rites. We have attended a number of these masses and, while viewing them with respect, they seemed to us removed about as far as possible from the simplicity of the Gospel and spiritual worship.

St. Peter's itself is a grand church. It is a building of immense size, being 696 feet long, 450 feet wide in the transepts, and 151 feet high

ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, ROME

in the nave. Over the center of the cruciform structure rises the beautiful dome, 138 feet in diameter, and 403 feet above the floor, the architectural triumph and glory of Michelangelo. Under the dome stands the high altar, over which rises an imposing bronze canopy 95 feet high. Around the sides of the church are seven altars, and there are numerous magnificent tombs of Popes. The great size of the building is illusive, and one can hardly believe that the letters that run around the base of the dome are six feet tall, and that the goose-quill pen in the hand of one of the mosaic figures near the roof is seven feet long. The whole interior is a mass of fine colored marbles, marble floors and pillars, gilded arches and ceilings, elaborate altars and monuments, and mosaic pictures. The effect is one of magnificence and splendor unequaled in any other cathedral, though it is generally admitted that it is overloaded with decorations.

There is not a seat for the people on its marble floor or a pulpit anywhere in it. Masses are being said almost continually before its altars, lights are burning, and on occasion great spectacular services are held, but we could not learn that the Gospel is preached in it. Near the center of the building there is a bronze statue of Peter, in a sitting attitude, said to be a work of the fifth

century. Devout Roman Catholics kiss the toe of the statue, and the metal is worn back into the foot by the touch of countless lips. This process was going on almost constantly, and gave us a view of repulsive Roman superstition. Down under the high altar is the alleged tomb of St. Peter. We went down into the splendid receptacle, constructed of fine marble, precious stones, mosaics, and gold, and looked into the place, for the usual fee—for money will open practically every door in a Roman Catholic cathedral—but saw nothing that would lend any shade of color to the legend that Peter is buried there, or was ever in Rome at all. St. Peter's alone has cost fifty millions of dollars, and generations of architects and artists have lavished their genius upon it. We went out of the magnificent church feeling that where art and ritual have risen highest there spiritual religion and true worship have fallen to a low level, and, as in the days of Christ, the gorgeous temple appears to be an empty husk.

St. Peter's is the center, or core, of an immense establishment. In front of it is a great piazza, almost surrounded by huge colonnades, and in the center stands a lofty Egyptian obelisk that once stood nearby in the Vatican Circus of Caligula, but now stands surmounted by a cross, as a symbol of the triumph of Christianity over pagan-

ism. Around St. Peter's at the piazza is the vast Vatican Palace, one of the largest in the world, said to contain ten thousand rooms, large and small. Here the Pope has his private apartments, and never leaves the Palace and Church, posing as "the prisoner of the Vatican." The Vatican is granted, by the Italian Government, the rights of exterritoriality, and has its own Swiss guards, dressed in the gaudiest military uniforms in Europe, and presenting a truly ridiculous appearance, with their pretense of power. To this tiny space and this spectacular bit of sham have shrunk the once vast proportions and real might of the papal power.

The greater part of the Vatican contains art collections and halls and chapels that are open to the public, and we spent parts of three days in going through some of the most important of these. The Sistine Chapel is interesting because here the Pope worships, and here also the new Pope is elected when the office becomes vacant. The Chapel is not large, but is noted for its paintings. Michelangelo's famous "Last Judgment" fills the end of the Chapel over the altar, and his "Creation" fills the ceiling, and these are his masterpieces in painting. They are much darkened and discolored by smoke and the damp plaster, but are still full of beauty and power. Paint-

ings fill many rooms, and here again our eyes were feasted and surfeited. One painting stands out in eminent distinction, Raphael's glorious "Transfiguration," familiarly known by copies and prints all over the world. It was the last work of his hand, stood beside his body as it lay in state, and was carried at the head of the funeral procession. Napoleon took it to Paris, whence it was returned. The lower part of the double picture was completed by Raphael's disciples, but the Transfiguration proper is by the master's own hand, and is a marvel and mystery of form and color and expression.

There are said to be three hundred and eighty-six Roman Catholic churches in Rome, many of them large and magnificent structures. Of those we visited, the next to St. Peter's in splendor is St. Paul's, an immense church that stands outside the walls of the city over the traditional spot of Paul's tomb. The church itself belongs to the Italian government as a national monument, and contains many rare and costly contributions to its construction sent from all over the world. Some think it not less rich, and in better taste, than St. Peter's, and it must certainly be counted one of the most beautiful churches in the world. The Pantheon, the most perfectly preserved of the ancient buildings of Rome, in which heathen gods

MICHELANGELO'S "MOSES"

were worshiped, is now a Christian church, and among its tombs is that of Raphael. The Church of St. John, another large and richly-adorned church, is distinguished by the fact that it is the Pope's own church, or the church of which he is bishop, and is thus superior to St. Peter's itself. This is due to the fact that the Popes formerly resided in the palace connected with it, and officiated at its altar.

Near St. John's is a small church which is entered up a flight of twenty-eight steps reported to be from the house of Pilate, and no one is allowed to climb them except on his knees. We saw a number of devotees thus slowly ascending them, and recalled the fact that it was while thus ascending these very stairs that Martin Luther was seized with the conviction that such works were of no avail, and that moment the germ of the Reformation was born. In the church known as St. Peter in Chains is a chain which it is claimed is the one that bound Peter in prison, but the real treasure of the church is Michelangelo's "Moses," his masterpiece in sculpture, and one of the grandest pieces of sculpture ever executed. The massive figure, with its attitude of dignity and power, noble head and limbs on which the muscles and the very arteries stand out as in life, is profoundly impressive, and we can well believe the tradition

that when he had finished it the master sculptor struck it with his mallet and said, "Now speak."

ROMAN RUINS

The chief interest of the tourist in Rome is in the ruins of the ancient city that for so long a time ruled the world, and the fall of which was the greatest convulsion of history. These ruins are widely scattered over the area which was covered by ancient Rome with its 2,000,000 of inhabitants, but the most important ones are found in and around the Forum, which was the civic, political, and religious center of the city. The Forum is a space something like half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, and is bounded by hills, so that it lies in a valley that originally was a swamp. Through this space ran the Via Sacra, or Sacred Way, along which the triumphal processions passed, and on either side of this way the Forum was crowded with basilicas, temples, and other public buildings, constructed of the finest Parian marble, and richly adorned with carving and other decorations. Over the Sacred Way, also, were the triumphal arches commemorating the triumphs of victorious emperors, of which only three are standing. Of these the most interesting is the Arch of Titus, commemorating

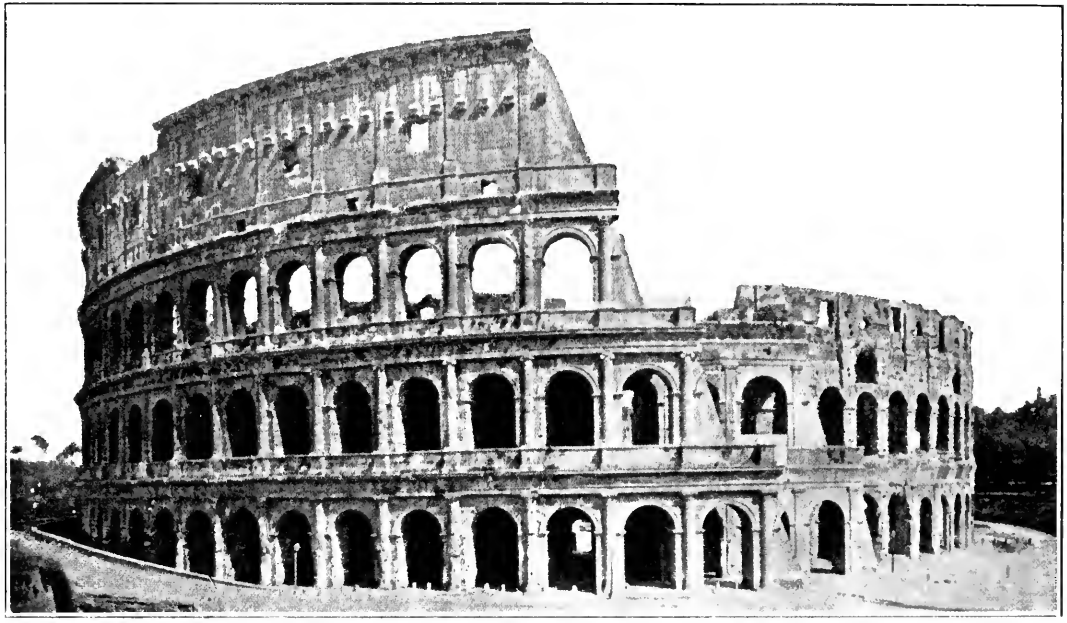
his overthrow of Jerusalem. On the inside of the Arch is a carving in relief showing the captive Jews bearing their seven-branched candlestick and table of showbread, the Jewish cast of countenance being distinct, and the whole figure setting its emphatic and pathetic historic seal to the truth of the prophecy uttered by Jesus.

All of these beautiful and precious buildings were destroyed by time and fire and riot and revolution, but especially by the hordes of barbarians that poured in from the north in successive waves, and overwhelmed Rome. The Forum itself was covered to the depth of many feet with débris, and was at length forgotten. But in modern times excavation has laid most of it bare, and disclosed the pitiful remains of its former glory. Only a few marble pillars still stand, their fine fluted shafts and rich Corinthian capitals giving some hint of their former grace and beauty. Scattered around are great blocks of marble, and the whole place is littered with pieces of carved marble, and to this wreck and ruin did all that ancient splendor come.

On the west side of the Forum is the Palatine Hill, where the Cæsars built their palaces. These are now heaps of brick, though many walls are still standing and some bits of the mosaic floors remain. In one of these rooms, the mosaic floor

on which he probably stood still being in good preservation, Paul stood when he appeared before Cæsar. We were also shown the room in which tradition says he was confined before his trial, and the Mamertine prison, in which he was immured before his execution.

South of the Forum stands the Colosseum, the greatest of all the Roman ruins, and one of the best preserved, though two-thirds of it are gone. We visited it twice by day, but the mighty ruin seemed most impressive when we viewed it by moonlight. It then seemed to loom up in vaster proportions, and was pervaded by a solemn silence and unearthly presence, as though the ghosts of the past were hiding among its broken walls and arches. This greatest theater ever erected was an ellipse 615 feet long by 510 feet wide, and its outer wall was 157 feet high. It would seat 50,000 spectators, some estimates running up to 100,000. The outer walls are complete around nearly one-half of it, and the inner walls stand all the way around, thus giving one an impression of its immense size, and enabling one to have some conception of it when filled with a vast multitude of spectators shouting themselves hoarse over a mortal combat of gladiators or the tearing of Christians to pieces by wild beasts. The dens in which the ferocious animals were kept may still be seen, and on the



THE COLOSSEUM, ROME

very earth beneath one's feet many Christians poured out their blood in testimony of their faith. But this same Colosseum that was the most characteristic expression of the savage cruelty of pagan Rome, has been consecrated as a monument to the Christian martyrs that perished in it; and in its arena the International Sunday School Convention recently held a service of praise to the same Christ whose name was made the object of such derision and hatred in its walls.

The Colosseum and all the buildings of ancient Rome have been looted by vandals and architects and Popes, and their materials used in the construction of churches and other buildings. St. Peter's itself is a splendid pile of loot and sometimes a whole ancient building, that would now be counted a priceless treasure, was destroyed for the sake of a single pillar or block of marble.

THE CATACOMBS

The last place in Rome we visited were the Catacombs, narrow underground passages and chambers hewn out of the rock, of which about one thousand miles have been explored. We went in at one point, each one carrying a candle, and came out at another, and saw many of the niches and vaults in which bodies were buried, several

of them still containing bones, and saw the symbols of Christian faith and hope. Here Christians hid in times of persecution, and here they also buried their dead. Christianity was thus in its early days driven into holes and dens in the earth, but it has long been out in the day, and the cross we find rudely cut on the walls of these dark caverns is now carved in marble on the walls of the Colosseum, and surmounts all the remaining temples and pillars of pagan Rome.

IX

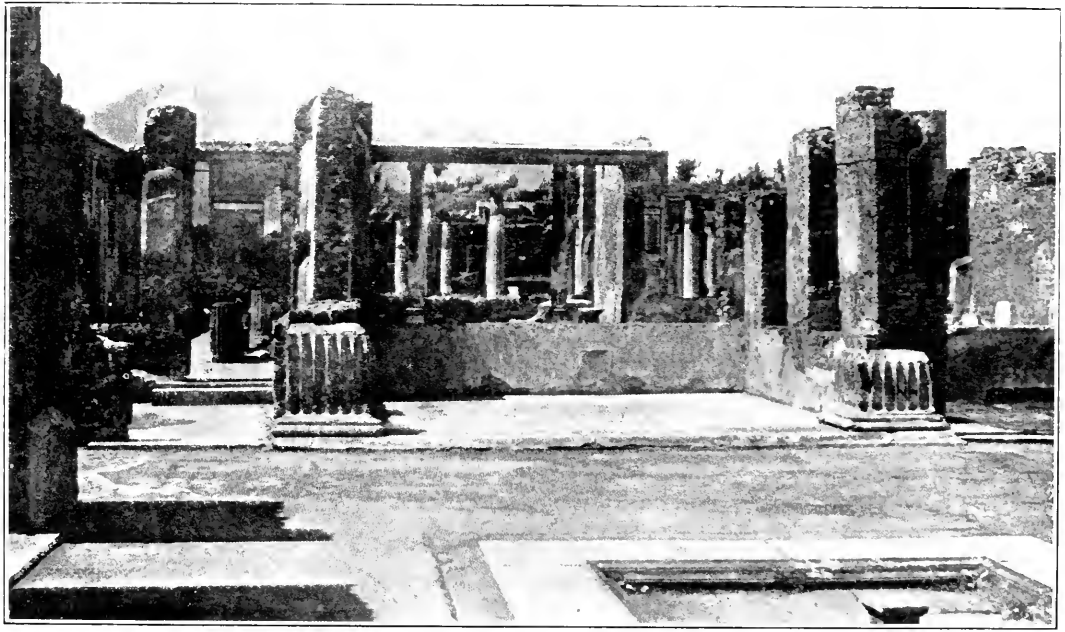
FROM POMPEII TO GENEVA

NAPLES is the largest city in Italy, and has about 550,000 inhabitants. It is a hot, dirty, and noisy place, with little in its ancient history or present condition of interest. Its bay, far-famed for its beauty, is a semicircle of blue water, studded with islands, and under a clear Italian sky presents a view of rich color and rare charm. In the city is a museum which contains some valuable ancient sculpture, but its chief interest consists in the great mass of materials brought from Pompeii. Sculptures, paintings, jewelry, utensils, tools, and a great variety of other articles exhumed from the buried city, have been placed in this museum, and thus one can study the arts and life of Pompeii before visiting it.

Our chief objective was Pompeii, which is reached by an electric line eighteen miles south of Naples. Vesuvius, that poured its hot stones and cinders upon Pompeii and buried it in a grave which has only in modern times been dis-

covered and opened, stands several miles south of Naples, and back from the bay, and in passing to Pompeii it was always at about the same distance and in full view. It has grown quiescent since the terrible eruption of 1906, and while we were there it stood silent and smokeless, giving no sign of its hidden fires and explosive might. But its top is all shattered and scorched and scarred, and it looks the great cinder heap that it is. The electric railway runs through a stream of lava of the last eruption, and the great river of rock, that looks like a gorge of tossed and tumbled black ice, gives one some conception of the eruptive power and fury of the fateful monster that can vomit forth such far-flung floods of molten stone and immense clouds of ashes, burying wide tracts of fertile country and smothering distant cities. Yet this same lava crumbles down into rich soil that produces some of the finest fruits and flowers in the world, and Vesuvius is girdled around its base and garlanded far up its sides with vineyards, orchards, and flower-beds.

A few minutes' walk from the station takes one right into the excavated portions of Pompeii. It was a wealthy suburb of Naples of about thirty thousand inhabitants, where many rich and powerful Romans had their residences or seaside villas, and the eruption, in 79 A. D., of Vesuvius,



POMPEII

that was then not known to be a sleeping volcano, buried it under pumice stone and ashes. The greater part of its inhabitants escaped, as comparatively few human remains have been found, but they fled, leaving their houses and many of their valuables, which have been brought to light by the excavator's spade.

On entering the town one finds himself in a deserted city of stone, all the streets being paved with solid blocks of granite, and the houses being complete, except that the roofs are gone, having been crushed in by the weight of ashes. The streets are worn into grooves or ruts by the wheels of carriages, and at the street crossings are large stones on which the people stepped over. The houses have vestibule, reception rooms, open court, bedrooms, and kitchen on the first floor, the slaves occupying quarters on the second floor. In many instances fine mosaic floors remain intact, and there are many frescoes on the walls in good condition, some of the colors remaining remarkably bright. A painter was seen sitting before one of these frescoes copying it, just as painters were seen copying the paintings in the galleries. The court of justice, temples, and two theaters are excavated, and show the public life of the city. A small museum in the town contains the plaster shapes of thirteen bodies found

in the ruins, the plaster of Paris being poured into every cavity in the ashes left by a body, thus preserving the form. There are also loaves of bread found in ovens, charred black, and many other articles. At points on the streets there are drinking fountains with basins hewn of stone to catch the water. The rim of this basin would be worn down into a smooth depression by the drinkers putting their hands on it while they stooped to drink from the water flowing out of the spout. The great depth of these hollows worn in hard stone showed that such basins had been in use for hundreds of years.

It required little imagination to see the streets and public places and private houses of Pompeii alive with people, busy with all the affairs and pleasures of life. For centuries it grew and flourished, and was a scene of fashion and luxury and revelry, and all the while Vesuvius was in full view, giving no sign of its dreadful power and purpose, and casting no shadow on its pleasures. But one August morning the clock of destiny struck, and that mountain blotted out that town, as a hand extinguishes a candle, and it lay buried and then forgotten for more than a thousand years. But the hand on the clock of destiny marks the purposes of the Eternal, and makes no mistakes.

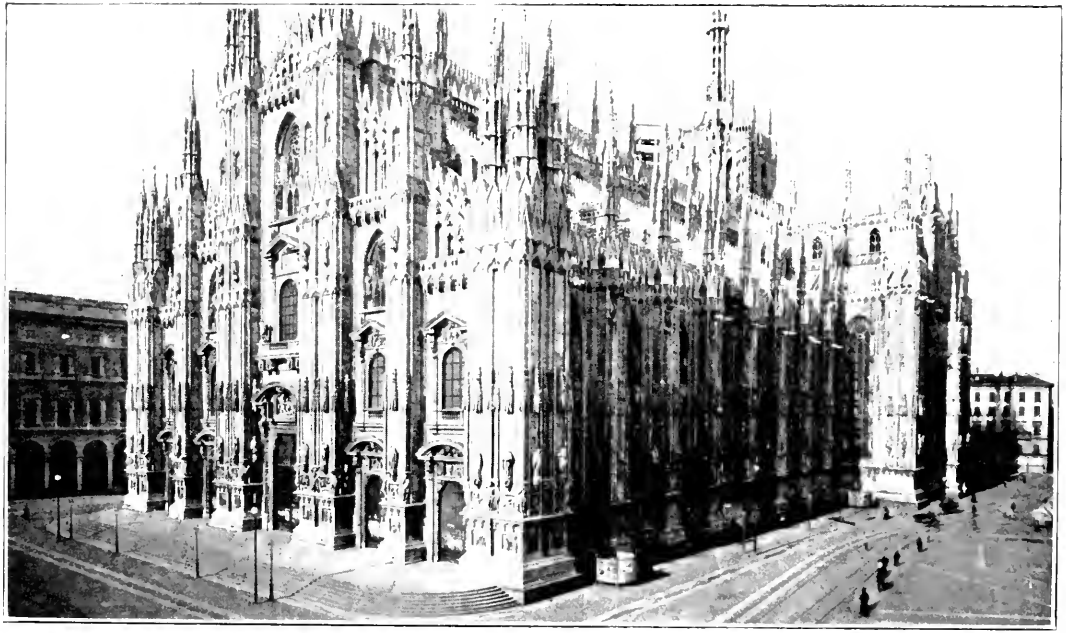
Pompeii was our farthest point, and when we turned back from it we set our faces homeward, and the fact gave us a peculiar thrill of pleasure. It was a long flight from Pompeii and Rome to Milan, but it gave us a good view of Italy along a different route than the one by which we came south. Southern Italy is a less fertile country than northern Italy, the soil being poor and the harvests scanty compared with the rich northern plain. Evidences of poverty are also more conspicuous in the south than in the north, and begging is a prevalent and persistent business. Italy is awakening to new life and prosperity, but it seems to have too many soldiers, and it is heavily burdened with taxation. We were surprised to find a customs officer at every railway station, and all goods passing from one station to another are subject to duty. A peasant cannot carry a chicken or a basket of eggs from one village to another without paying a tax. This is taxation with a vengeance, and it is a great burden upon business.

A few miles north of Rome we struck the Mediterranean, and it burst upon us as a beautiful sight. Such deep-blue water we never had seen, and it rolled in on the beach and boiled around the rocks like liquid lapis lazuli. We also saw a fine Italian sunset and it fulfilled the de-

scriptions commonly given it. The Italian sky is a singularly transparent blue, with a peculiar lustre, and the sunset was a pearly glow of light, deep and rich and tender, suggesting a far-away golden shore. The railway along the Mediterranean is a remarkable piece of engineering, it being almost a continual tunnel for many miles, emerging from the rock at intervals for a brief glimpse of the sea. In passing Pisa we had a fine view of the famous Leaning Tower, and we stopped for a night at Genoa, a large commercial city, with a worthy monument to Christopher Columbus, its most illustrious son. The next day we passed on to Milan, the second largest city of Italy, with over a half-million inhabitants.

MILAN

The chief attraction of this city is its famous Cathedral, in and around which we lingered for two days. It is the second cathedral in the world in size, St. Peter's being first, and it is said that it will hold forty thousand people. Its exterior lacks the impressive height of the Cathedral of Cologne, as it has no tower, but it breaks into a multitude of pinnacles, and is richly carved and is ornamented with two thousand statues. The whole massive pile is marble, discolored with



CATHEDRAL OF MILAN

age, but showing pure white in such parts as have been recently replaced. Within, the church is a forest of marble pillars which exfoliate at the top into intricate and delicate tracery, forming the most beautiful ceiling we have seen in any cathedral. The windows are darkly stained, toning the light down to dimness, but producing a very rich effect. There are two choir lofts and organs facing each other in front of the high altar, and around the sides of the church are a number of tombs and monuments.

We were fortunate in witnessing two special services. One on Saturday afternoon was in honor of the assumption of the Virgin Mary, and a large number of priests participated in it. The two choirs of men and boys sang antiphonal chants, responding to each other, and the music rolled through the long aisles and lofty arches with grand effect. The other special service was on Sabbath morning, when the aged cardinal of Milan officiated, and there was a procession of fifty priests, headed by the tottering old man supported by attendants, around the Cathedral, and then there was an elaborate service before the high altar amidst clouds of incense. A large body of people were present, but even they were few on the immense floor of the church.

We climbed to the top of the marble roof, and

then on up to the top of the central pinnacle, and thus gained an impressive view, not only of the city and country, but especially of the Cathedral itself as an immense mountain and wilderness of stone. These great cathedrals differ as one star differeth from another star in glory, and each has its own peculiar majesty or beauty. In the front rank of these great piles of architecture and art stands the Cathedral of Milan in its magnitude, its ornate exterior, and in its great aisles and glorious fretted roof. It is a tremendous sermon in marble and mosaic and richly-colored glass, and produces a deep religious impression on the reverent soul.

THROUGH SWITZERLAND

From Milan we started north, and soon struck the Alps, that mighty wall of upheaved rock, broken and tossed and carved into countless shapes, that divides northern from southern Europe, and has played so great a part in determining the course of history. They threw their majestic skyline across our path and seemed to block all further progress. But our train sped on, climbed higher, rushed through tunnels, crossed chasms deep down in which mountain streams boiled and foamed, and thus mounted

towards the summit. Twice it plunged right into the face of the mountain, made a complete circle in a spiral tunnel, and emerged at a point higher up. At length we came to the St. Gothard tunnel, nine and a half miles long, piercing the backbone of the Alps, and ran through it with an electric engine in fifteen minutes. The descent was equally precipitous and thrilling, at times skirting dizzy heights, and then plunging into darkness.

In the evening we reached Lucerne, on the beautiful lake of the same name, where we stopped for the night, and where the next morning we viewed the huge stone lion modeled by Thorwaldsen and cut in solid rock in the mountain in commemoration of the Swiss guards who perished in defense of Louis XVI, in the French Revolution. It is remarkable how much suffering is expressed in that great stone face. Lucerne and all the Swiss lakes are cups of blue or green water, rimmed in with mountains, and are rarely picturesque and beautiful.

We spent the next day in a journey across Lake Lucerne in a steamer, over the mountains on a cogwheel railway, through magnificent scenery, and across Lake Brienz to Interlaken, a celebrated Swiss summer resort. The next morning a glorious vision burst upon us. There

stood the Jungfrau, one of the most magnificent mountains of Europe, robed in the dazzling splendor of eternal snow. It appeared a white specter, and almost seemed a spirit. It was hard to believe it was eighteen miles away when it looked so near. We had been over the Rockies, but had never seen so majestic a vision, and it held us with a strange fascination. We rode out to the Wetterhorn, another snowy peak, and saw the glacier at its foot. It is a great river of ice that comes down the steep mountain side, and at the bottom opens a cavernous mouth, out of which flows a large stream of water. We went up on the glacier, saw the great boulders on its back, and looked down into some of its crevices. An artificial tunnel has been cut a hundred feet into the solid ice, and we went into it. The walls of the cavern were a deep blue, and it looked like a fairy palace of pure amethyst.

Mountains are piled up around Interlaken in giant heaps of tilted and twisted strata, which glaciers have ground down and storms have weathered into fantastic forms. Few places have so much scenic magnificence, and it is one of nature's vast amphitheaters for the display of her masterpieces. God has written on the planet these gigantic raised letters which spell His signature, and declare His power and glory. Their

THE JUNGFRAU

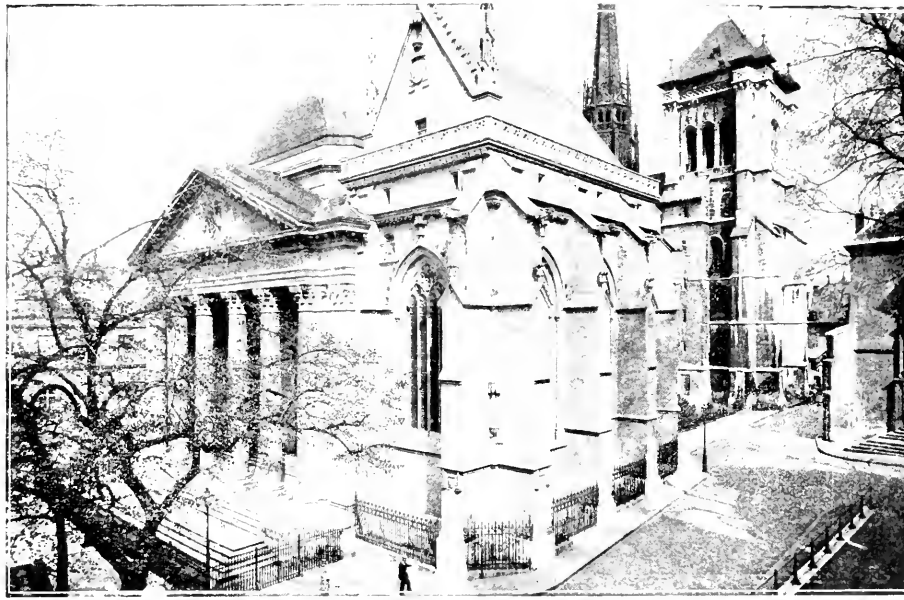
lonely heights and awful solitudes, their inconceivable age and apparent unchangeableness, their incomparable grandeur and beauty dwarf into insignificance all human architecture and art. Yet man mounts them, puts his foot on their loftiest peaks, pierces through them, flings his iron roads over them, harnesses their streams to his wagons, reduces their proud summits to his own service, analyzes them, weighs them, reads their history, explains their origin, forecasts their destiny, consigns them to final burial in the bottom of the sea, and is greater than they.

GENEVA

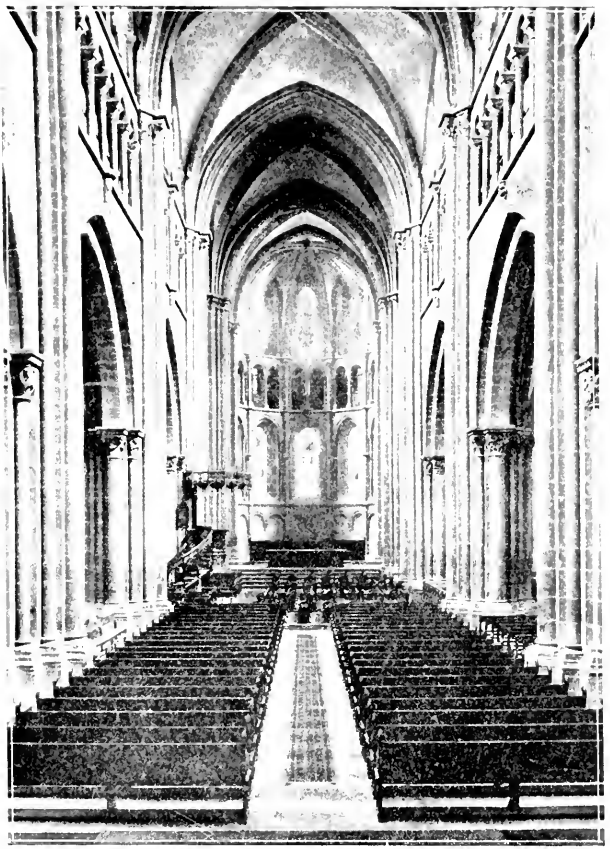
Geneva is a fine city of 100,000 people, at the southern end of Lake Geneva, out of which the River Rhone rushes in a swift stream of green water. The chief interest of Geneva to Presbyterians is its association with John Calvin, as the scene of his principal labors. The place where his house stood on the Rue Calvin is now occupied by a building marked with an inscription to the effect that the original house in which Calvin lived was torn down and the materials used in the present building. Nearby is the Cathedral of St. Peter, in which he preached. It dates from the tenth century, and is a beautiful Romanesque

and Gothic church. It contains the chair in which Calvin sat in the Cathedral, the only relic we saw of the great Reformer. Just across the street is a small church which bears this inscription: "John Knox, Calvinistic Scotch Reformer, elected pastor of the English colony and citizen of Geneva, preached in this church from 1555 to 1557." The two great Johns of Reformed and Presbyterian history thus labored together. We visited the College of Geneva, which was founded by Calvin in 1559. Two of the buildings date from Calvin's day, and several others are modern. It is now supported by the State, and has twenty-eight professors and nearly one thousand students. Calvin was the founder of our modern popular educational system, and the impress of his hand on Swiss education is seen in the fact that the Canton of Geneva now devotes one-third of its whole annual budget to the maintenance of its public schools. This is better than supporting a large body of soldiers.

One sad act in the life of Calvin is also commemorated in Geneva in a unique manner. Near the Rhone, on the spot where Michael Servetus was burned for heresy, stands a block of granite, which was erected in 1903, on the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the tragedy, and which bears an inscription informing the world that



ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, JOHN CALVIN'S CHURCH, GENEVA



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, GENEVA

the "Respectful and Grateful Sons of Calvin, Our Great Reformer, But Condemning an Error Which Was That of His Age, Have Erected this Expiatory Monument." While it is technically true that "Calvin did not burn Servetus," yet he brought him to trial for heresy, and secured the death sentence against him, but endeavored to have that sentence mitigated from death by burning, to death by decapitation. Calvin, too, great as he was, and priceless as is the heritage he left the world, was yet the child of his age, and his "respectful and grateful sons" only honor themselves by acknowledging this fact.

In a small cemetery in the heart of the city we stood by the grave of Calvin. Under a pine tree is a small block of marble, bearing the two letters, J. C. There is a doubt as to this being his grave, but it would seem that the city where he did so great a work should have some monument or memorial of his name. It makes little difference, however, where his body lies, or whether any material shaft bears his name. John Calvin plowed his name deep into the centuries, and sowed seeds of liberty, education, and high thoughts of God that have enriched all our modern life, and are still blooming on every shore.

X

IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM

THE giant wrinkles of the Alps rapidly smoothed themselves down into the level plains of France. A ride across it gave us a good view of this country. The same thorough cultivation of the soil seen throughout Europe was evident here, and France is said to be the most intensively farmed country on the Continent. The landscape presented a fine prospect, with its checkered fields of grass and grain, in which men and women were busy gathering the rich harvests. Towns and villages were numerous, and the substantial stone or brick houses and clean streets presented a tidy appearance. The proverbial French industry and thrift were everywhere evident, and one could understand how this people can have such financial resources as they have displayed in critical times.

PARIS

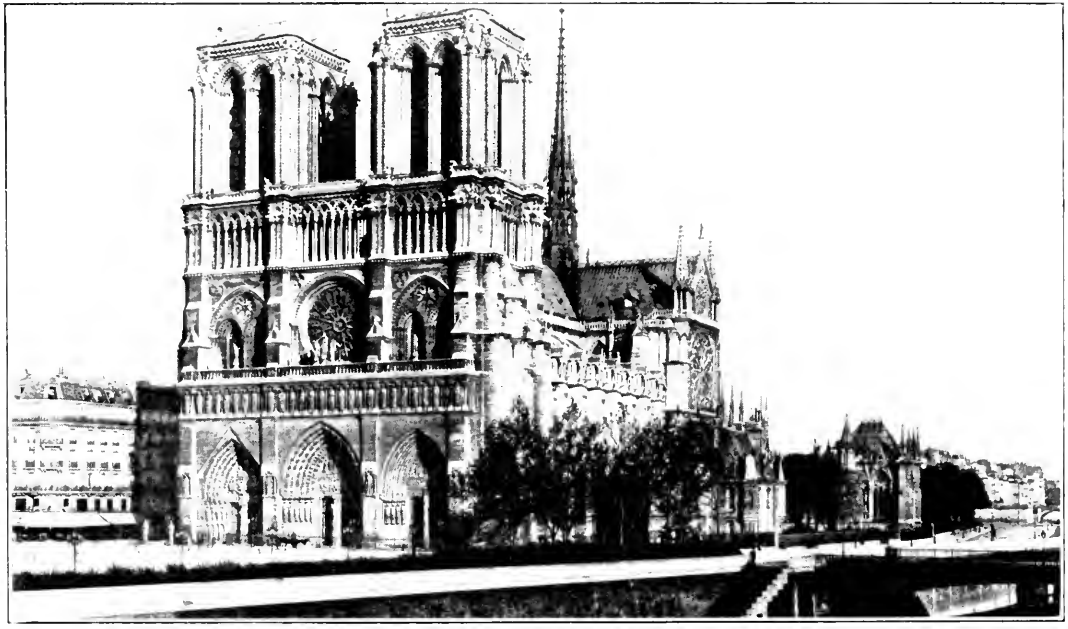
More than in any other country the capital is the country, Paris is France. This huge clot of

three millions of human beings is the ganglionic center and brain of France, or the heart that sucks into itself the blood of France, and sends its life out throbbing to all its borders, and makes its pulse felt throughout the world. Our train rolled into the city at midnight, and we rode through historic streets and places to our hotel near its center. The Seine cuts the city in two, the northern half being the more important, both in its historic associations and its commercial and civic life. Our impression of the city did not fully meet expectations. While it is a great and magnificent city, yet it is not as imposing in its buildings and as splendid in its streets as we had supposed, and does not surpass London or equal New York in these respects. Its points of interest, however, are numerous and fascinating, and meet one on every side. Only a square or two to the east of our hotel stood the Vendôme Column, an imitation of Trajan's Column, in Rome, on which are represented Napoleon's achievements in his wars against Austria, his own pathetic figure, wearing a crown, standing on its top. A short distance to the west of our hotel was the Place de la Concorde, in the center of which stands an Egyptian obelisk, which marks the spot where stood the guillotine in the days of the Revolution and Terror. Here the

heads of Louis XVI and the beautiful but unhappy Marie Antoinette were sheared off, and this started a flow of blood that filled the world with horror. It is said ten thousand heads were cut off at this place, and probably no other spot of ground on the earth has been so deeply saturated with blood. The mark of the Revolution is everywhere on the city, and lends it much of its fascination.

On Sabbath morning we attended services in two of the most noted and beautiful churches of Paris. Notre Dame is one of the most historic, as it is one of the grandest, cathedrals in the world. It is the usual cruciform structure, with pillared aisles and groined roof. The portals at the front are noble arches decorated with statues and carving, and the two square towers are massive in their simplicity. The most striking feature of the interior are the rose windows in the nave and transepts, which are subdued and rich, yet splendid in color. The service we attended was the usual high mass. The choir was unimpressive, but the great organ rolled and crashed through the arches in grand strains.

One could not sit in this cathedral without thinking of its historic associations. In the days of the Revolution it was turned into a stable, and the chapels became stalls for horses. Oil



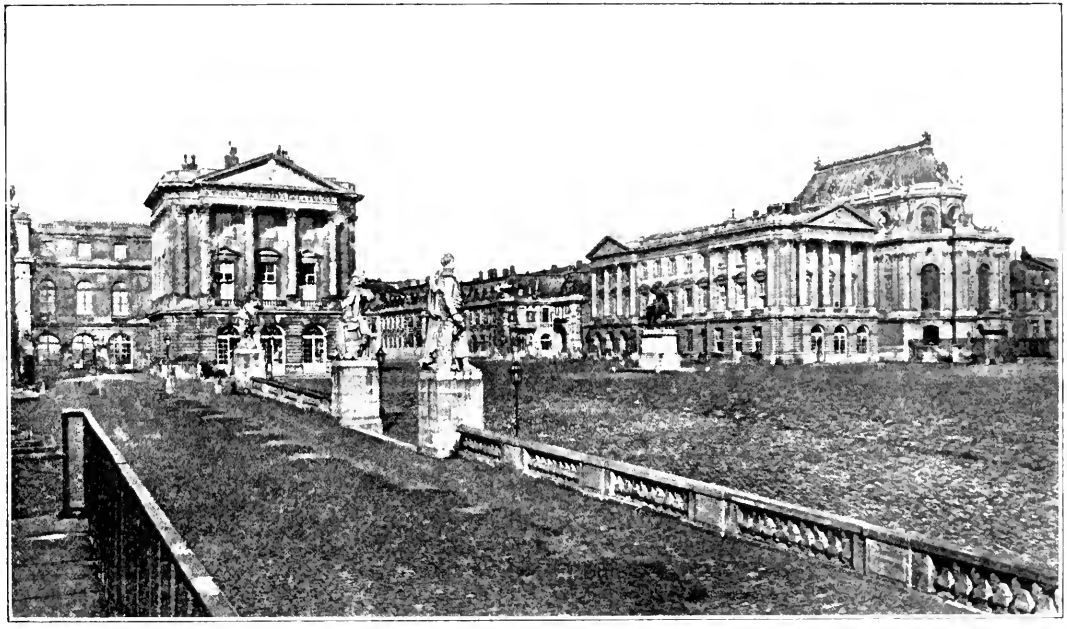
CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS

was poured on its altar and the attempt was made to burn it. A red-headed woman of doubtful character was installed in the place of the image of the Virgin Mother, and adored as the goddess of reason. These shameful abuses were swept away along with other excesses of the Revolution by the strong hand of Napoleon, who restored Roman Catholic worship in Notre Dame. Just in front of the choir stood Napoleon, surrounded by members of his family and his generals, when he was crowned, clapping the crown with his own hands on his head. The Cathedral and all the Roman Catholic churches are now in the custody of the Government, which originally built them, but the use of them is freely accorded to the churches, and worship goes on as before.

From Notre Dame we went to the Church of the Madeleine, which is the aristocratic church of Paris, where we found a large congregation. The church is peculiar in that it has no windows in its walls, but is lighted by four circular skylights in its roof. Its interior is constructed of fine marble, its altar is a splendid piece of marble carving, and the whole effect of the church is very beautiful. Standing on the great steps of this church and looking south along the Rue Royale one sees in a line the Madeleine, the Place de la

Concorde, and the dome of the Invalides, in which is the tomb of Napoleon, and thus he takes in the French Revolution from its beginning to its end. It was in front of the Madeleine that the Revolution began, for here the women met and raised the cry for bread that started the mob for the palace of the king at Versailles. The Place de la Concorde was the bloody center of the Revolution, and Napoleon was its end.

We went out to Versailles and visited the royal palace, which was the scene of so much of the royal glory and of so many of the royal tragedies of France. We walked up along the same street, through the same gate, as did the mob on that fatal October day in 1789, when it stormed the palace, a hundred thousand strong, and forced the king and queen to go to Paris, there to meet at last their unhappy fate. We stood in the balcony where Marie Antoinette appeared and showed her children to the mob in the vain hope of appeasing it. The marble palace itself is said to be the largest and most splendid in the world. An afternoon was spent in looking through its more notable halls and galleries, where remain the pictures, furniture, and other trappings of the French kings, from the days of Louis XIV, the "grand monarch," who started the palace, down to our own time. Room after room is filled with paint-



THE PALACE AT VERSAILLES

ings of scenes in French history, mostly of war. The French national spirit glories in battle and blood, and spreads the lurid colors of war over all its galleries. It is the irony of history that the palace at Versailles, which was the consecrated embodiment of French pride, was occupied by the German army during the siege of Paris, and here in one of its great halls William I was crowned as the German emperor.

The Tuileries and the Louvre together constituted the city residence of the French kings, the Tuileries now being occupied by government officers, and the Louvre being a museum of art, painting, sculpture, and jewelry. There are literally miles of galleries, and one can only glance through some of the more important rooms. In sculpture there is a collection of Greek and Roman statuary, including the original Venus de Milo, one of the finest pieces ever shaped by a Greek chisel, and a model for all the world. In painting there are many works from the hands of Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, and other masters. The jewels of French royalty are a glittering collection, and here one may see the gold crown, blazing with big diamonds, which Napoleon put on his own head when he crowned himself in Notre Dame. The Palais du Luxembourg, built as a royal residence for Maria de'

Medici, is now occupied by the French Senate, its museum containing a collection of modern French paintings. The building occupied by the Chamber of Deputies is at a distance from the Senate, and is not an imposing structure. The French Government thus has no national capitol such as is found in nearly all capital cities.

Another building of great interest in Paris is the Pantheon. Originally built as a church, the beautiful building has passed through a series of vicissitudes, sometimes being devoted to worship and at other times to secular uses. It is now a place of burial for famous men, and in its vaults lie Rousseau, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, and Zola, the heroic defender of Dreyfus. Allegorical paintings embellish its walls, and its great dome rises gracefully and majestically over its interior. On its wall opposite the entrance, in the most conspicuous place, is a highly-colored modern painting, representing France capturing the flags of all nations—Italian, Austrian, German, Russian, and English! On questioning our French guide as to the good taste of such a picture in such a place, he shrugged his shoulders and uttered the suggestive word "vanity." Vanity has been a strong strain in French blood and history, and it has not yet been wholly eliminated, even by the disasters and humiliation of recent

times, though France is now more sober and sane than in former days.

Perhaps the greatest single attraction in Paris is the tomb of Napoleon, whose body rests in a porphyry sarcophagus in a pit under the dome of the Invalides, a home for infirm soldiers. Around the room are the tombs of brothers and generals of Napoleon, but a ring of visitors is nearly always standing around the marble balustrade and silently gazing down with a sense of wonder and awe on that block of polished stone that holds the ashes of the man whose tread shook Europe and made the boundaries of empires oscillate on the map, while he handed out thrones and crowns to his relatives as though they were only glittering baubles. As there is no name inscribed on Washington's monument, so no name appears on Napoleon's coffin. Some things do not need a trumpet or even a name: all the world knows what they are and what they mean. But on the pavement around the sarcophagus are inlaid the names of some of Napoleon's famous battles, as follows: Rivoli, Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram, Moscow. It will be noted that the name of his most famous battle is missing—Waterloo. That splendid tomb is a pathetic spectacle, and its central marble block, holding his dust, suggests the rock in mid-ocean

on which the great Corsican was chained as a captive until he wore himself out in bitterness of spirit, and found rest in death.

We were in Paris only five days, hardly time enough to do more than see the surface of so vast a mass and great a deep of human life and history. But we rode or walked through its principal avenues and saw its beautiful parks and palaces, and visited the points of historic interest that have attracted the gaze of the world. No other city of modern times has had and still has such a fascination for the world; and its triumphs and tragedies, its joys and sorrows, gayety, tears, and blood, are vivid points of intense experience in the universal drama of life.

BELGIUM

Belgium was the eighth and last country we visited, spending several days in Brussels and Antwerp, which are both cities of several hundred thousand inhabitants. Brussels is the capital. Its chief building is not the capitol, but the palace, or court, of justice, which cost ten millions of dollars, and is said to be the largest single building in the world. It is a tremendous pile of stone, and as it far exceeds the needs of the Belgian courts, and costs forty thousand dollars a

year simply to heat it, it is a white elephant on the hands of the city. The Wiertz Gallery contains only the works of Antoine Wiertz, a native of the city, who died in 1876. He had a streak of insanity in him which came out in the weird conceptions of his pictures, but they are wonderful in coloring and expression, and seemed to us the most powerful works of art we had anywhere seen.

WATERLOO

Thirteen miles south of Brussels is the battlefield of Waterloo, which we visited. A great mound of earth, surmounted by a huge stone lion, stands on the field, and is ascended by two hundred and sixteen steps. Standing on the summit, the guide explained to us the position and movements of the armies in that memorable conflict. Within full view were all the points of the battle, the roads running east and west and north and south along which the armies moved, the two houses which were the headquarters respectively of Wellington and Napoleon, and the farmhouses that were strategic points for which the two armies contended. Facing southward we looked right down the field over which came Napoleon's "Old Guard" in its last charge, and when it reeled back in confusion before Wellington's

fierce assault, Napoleon knew that his star had at last fallen, and fled the field to perish on a rock in the Atlantic. The battle was fought in a small space, and that night fifty-two thousand men lay dead or wounded on the field. Traditions of the awful scenes and sufferings of that day and night remain among the people of the neighborhood, and a museum on the field contains many relics of the battle. One gained a vivid sense of this greatest battle ever fought in Europe, standing on that summit, the battle that stopped the insane, selfish ambition of one colossal military genius and restored Europe to security and peace.

ANTWERP

Antwerp, the seaport of Belgium, has a cathedral of interest, as it contains three of Rubens' masterpieces, including his famous "Descent from the Cross." Rubens himself lies buried in another church in the city. We attended a vesper service in the Cathedral the evening before sailing for home, and heard some very beautiful music from its great organ. The rich strains rose and fell and streamed and surged through the darkened aisles and arches with solemn and grand effect. It seemed a fitting conclusion to our tour, in which we had seen many of the famous cathedrals of the world.

The next day at noon we sailed on the Red Star Liner *Finland*, and for nine days the big steel ship plowed through foam and spray, and the great wide sea, changeful with iridescent colors, lay around us with its encircling horizon. At last we sighted land, and never did the name America sound so sweet and the homeland have such charms for us as when we again saw its shore and set foot on its soil.

XI

SOME GENERAL IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE

WE are well aware that a flying tour through Europe is a narrow and superficial basis on which to frame general judgments. Europeans often amuse us with their impressions of America, caught from a car window. Yet even rapid observation may grasp some broad features of general interest, and intercourse with the people of a country may give us their own views. Americans have the reputation abroad of being the most inquisitive of people, who are bent on finding out all about the country they are in; and they are credited with gaining their point. An Englishman said to us in London: "You Americans come over here and find out more about London than we Londoners know ourselves." We availed ourselves of this American right of inquisitiveness, and conversed with many people of various classes and callings, such as porters, cabmen, hotel men, merchants, travelers, and pro-

fessional men, and thus gained an insight into things from their point of view, and learned much about European countries from the inside. In our tour we passed through eight foreign countries, in which we visited forty-two cities and traveled about ten thousand miles, and we shall endeavor to condense it into some general impressions.

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS

The economic conditions of Europe impressed us more favorably than we had expected. There was in most countries a general air of prosperity. The notion that Europe is sunk in poverty and debt is an error. There is evidence enough of poverty, especially in Italy, where we saw more beggary than in any other country, but the mass of the people appeared to live in comfort and contentment. Farming, as we have several times remarked, is better done in Europe than in America, the soil being more carefully and intensively cultivated, and every foot of field and forest being made to yield the utmost. Most physical things are better done. The railways are more solidly built, and we did not see a wooden bridge or a grade crossing in Europe. The railway operatives are under better discipline and a railway accident is comparatively rare. The com-

mon roads, also, are built as carefully, and sometimes as expensively, as railroads, and are immensely better than ours. Practically all buildings are of brick or stone, and one rarely sees even a frame barn, except in Switzerland. By a parliamentary law a wooden building may not be erected anywhere in the German Empire. As a result fire is less frequent and destructive, the annual fire losses in Europe being less than one-sixth of what they are in America. The cities and towns are also better kept, cleaner, and neater. The ragged outskirts and dirty back streets, littered with rubbish, through which one nearly always passes in entering an American city, are conspicuously absent in Europe.

There appear to be less of the speculative element and spirit and less fever and rush in business in Europe than in America. Promoters, syndicates, and trusts, so far as we could learn, are virtually unknown. Men are quieter in their business methods and habits, are satisfied with lower profits, and are not money mad, as they often seem to be in our own country. As a result, panics are much less frequent and severe than they are with us. There are labor troubles in Europe, notably in France, but they appear to be less obtrusive and obstructive than in our country.

On the whole, the economic condition of Europe is probably better, and vastly better, today than ever before. Although debt and taxation are heavy, and there are no doubt deep poverty and much suffering among some classes, yet peace and industrial progress have raised production to a higher level and brought comparative plenty to the masses. While wages are lower, living is cheaper than in our country, and the economic difference between Europe and America, though considerable, is not as great as is commonly supposed. Our impression was that the well-to-do classes have more comfort in Europe than in America, and we would not expect them to emigrate from the one country to the other, as they seldom do. Nearly all emigrants come to America in the steerage.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL CONDITIONS

Government is very much the same thing in Europe as in America. It does not bulk much larger in the public view there than it does here, and burdens the people with taxation and restricts their liberties scarcely more there than here. People move about and attend to their affairs as freely and securely under a monarchy as in a republic, and business may be as prosperous, and

even more steady, under the one than in the other. We got the impression that their cities are better governed than ours, and there is certainly less corruption of every kind in European politics than in our own. The government of a people generally fits them, and is what suits and serves them best. The notion that there is only one right type of government, and that ours is the best, belongs to the same class of provincial ideas as that our denomination is the only true religion.

One fact, however, was continually impressed upon us in Europe: there are too many soldiers there. The large army and navy maintained in almost every country in Europe are a tremendous burden on the people and drain on manhood. Soldiers are everywhere conspicuous in flashing uniform and marching ranks. There seems to be something wrong in the economic system under which in times of peace soldiers are marching along the roads through fields in which women are plowing or reaping. We found the military system was deprecated by many of the people with whom we talked, but in each instance they said it was necessary in their country because of its existence in other countries. There appears to be a growing feeling of popular revulsion against these large armies. They are kept up mostly by the ruling classes, and the idea is get-

ting into the minds of the common people that they are as dangerous and wicked as they are burdensome.

One of the strongest forces now working against militarism is socialism and the socialistic spirit. This appears to be slowly permeating all Europe, and it is disseminating ideas of human brotherhood and solidarity that are undermining the old system of rivalry and war. Socialism, which is especially strong in Germany and France, may not reconstruct the social order on its own lines, but it is a powerful resolvent of the old order, and may prepare the way for a new. Monarchy is slowly but surely waning, and democracy is coming. It is now being freely predicted by intelligent observers that there may come in the not distant future a United States of Europe, in which existing countries will be federated under a representative government. The common people are dreaming of such a democracy, and thoughtful leaders think it not impossible. But it will come, if come it does, not so much by revolution as by evolution.

We were much impressed in our intercourse with European people with their courtesy and general spirit of good will. Ask anyone, policeman, cabman, or passing citizen, a question or for a favor, and he would invariably answer oblig-

ingly, and would often go with one or put himself to some trouble to render a service. People are not in such a hurry, and so bent on their own affairs over there as they are here, and this conduces to a spirit of general good will and mutual helpfulness. The orderliness, sobriety, and general good behavior of the people were also observed. Outside of Scotland we did not see one intoxicated man in Europe, and no street disturbance of any kind. Yet there is abundant evidence that intoxicants are a terrible evil, and are as great a blight upon Europe as they are upon America.

RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS

Religion bulks as a large fact in Europe, in some ways as a more conspicuous fact than in America. The Established churches and great cathedrals conduce to this end, and there is also much healthy religious life, especially in Protestant countries. The Anglican Church shows great vigor, and evidently has a strong hold on the English people. It has awakened to new life, and is manifesting deep interest in practical questions, especially the problems of the city and of poverty and the religious condition of the masses. There is probably no abler and more earnest preacher of an evangelical gospel in England than

Canon Henson, in St. Margaret's, in the heart of London. The Nonconformist churches are also healthy in spiritual life and fruitful in service. We are inclined to think that English Christianity is more vigorous and virile than our own, and that the Englishman takes his religion more seriously than the American. Germany also rather surprised us with evidences of religious life and work. The great congregation, composed so largely of men, giving earnest attention, we saw worshiping in the Berlin Cathedral, was an inspiring sight. The impression commonly entertained in this country that higher criticism is cutting the heart out of German faith was not borne out by what we saw and heard in Germany. The pastors generally hold to the methods and results of what we regard as radical criticism, but they still preach a saving gospel, and are grappling with the religious problems and conditions of their day. A German pastor with whom we talked assured us of this fact. Even a German agnostic, with whom we held a long conversation, admitted that the Protestant Church of Germany holds to its faith, and is earnest and fruitful in its work. Yet agnosticism is making serious inroads upon German thought, and is telling on German Protestantism.

In Roman Catholic countries, such as Italy and

France, formal religion is at low ebb. The great cathedrals are still centers of interest, especially to tourists, but vital religion has declined. The Roman Catholic Church is as strong as ever in its hierachy, but it has lost its hold on the people. Comparatively few persons attend its services, and multitudes of its own children have turned against it. We talked with many of these people, and they all said they had no faith in the mummeries of the Church, and no use for the priests. Some of these lapsed Catholics still profess their belief in God and their need of religion, but many of them are agnostics with no religious faith. In Italy the Catholic Church shows its greatest outward splendor, but it is little else than a hollow sepulcher, full of the dead bones of the past. After seeing Rome we could understand the Reformation. No doubt there are many sincere, devout Catholics and godly priests, but the organization has lost touch with the modern world, and is an obsolescent institution.

In France conditions are in some respects still worse, and, in others, more hopeful. The Catholic Church has alienated the French people and left them without a religion. While services go on in the cathedrals and churches, the French people as a mass have no interest in them, and

have mostly lapsed into indifference and agnosticism. A long conversation we had with an able French agnostic physician disclosed to us the fact that French philosophical agnosticism is not scoffing infidelity, but is a reverent and eager search and waiting for truth. The physician admitted that religion is a normal need of man, and that absence of faith is an abnormal condition, and one dangerous to morals. He also threw the blame of the present irreligious condition of France on the Roman Catholic Church, which by its tyranny and bigotry and superstition has alienated the intelligence and conscience of its own people. We were deeply impressed with the seriousness and reverence as well as with the goodness of heart of our agnostic friend, and felt that such a man must yet find the light.

The six hundred thousand Protestants of France, mostly of Huguenot descent, have intelligence, education, wealth, and influence out of all proportion to their number. Many of them retain conservative orthodox views, and are faithful in maintaining their religious life, but many among the educated Protestants are also drifting into agnosticism. The chief hope for Italy and France is that the human heart, bereft of its faith, will reassert its spiritual hunger and needs,

and find peace and strength in a purer faith and a more fruitful religious life. Protestantism in these countries may be the vital germ that holds in its bosom vast harvests of the future.

AMERICA AND EUROPE

We Americans are much given to contrasting America and Europe, to the advantage of our own country. Europe is to us the land of "effete monarchies," slow in progress, loaded with debt, and sunk in poverty, out of which enterprising people emigrate to free, rich, progressive America. Some people, in connection with Europe, can think only of anarchy and vice. A favorite form of American, spread-eagle patriotism is to exalt America by depreciating Europe, and some even seem to think that the only way to love our own country is to hate other countries. Of course there is some truth in this general view. We do have immense resources in this country, and the future holds splendid possibilities for us. But this flattery of ourselves and depreciation of Europe grows out of ignorance and is pitiful provincialism. Even a cursory acquaintance with Europe teaches us truer views. Europe has a thousand years the start of us in civilization, and most that we have was inherited from it.

We are yet young among the nations, and while we have done great things, these should not blind us to the achievements of others. In many respects Europe leads us. In art we are beginners in its galleries; in literature our works are crude buds compared with its full-blown blossoms; in science it is far in advance; in government it has many lessons to teach us; even in industry and in invention, especially in the application of science to the arts, it is often ahead of us; it does better farming, and lives in better houses and more beautiful cities; and it has a richer and quieter and more contented life. It is no lack of loyalty to our own country to see and say these things, but only bigotry to be blind to them. The world is wide, and has room and need of various types of civilization, and progress can be best made in each country by seeing the points of excellence in other countries and profiting thereby. More and more all countries, even the West and the Far East, are coming to know and to learn from one another. Commerce and travel and letters are diffusing a general acquaintance among nations, and this tends to obliterate provincialism and to broaden and enrich the life of all peoples. The world is growing small and brotherhood is binding humanity into one conscious family. We are thus learning to look, not

only on our own things, but also on the things of others, and are moving towards that universal peace and good will among men which will be the Kingdom of God on earth.

THE END

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

SCENES AND SAYINGS IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By James H. Snowden, D.D., LL.D., Editor of *The Presbyterian Banner*. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.50.

Dr. Snowden is an exceedingly crisp and suggestive writer. His style is sententious and epigrammatic in the extreme. . . . Some of these papers are gems, reminding us of Matthew Henry at his best. They minister alike to clear conception and to spiritual development. We question whether there is anything in modern literature that surpasses in thought and style and spirit the essay on "Martha and Mary"; or on "Pharisees Caught in Their Own Net," although the purpose in mind led to an almost complete omission of the rich theological teaching of the passage cited (Matthew 22:34-46); or on "Gethsemane," in its psychological insight and sane but tender and reverent discussion of "this real battlefield of the cross."—*The Presbyterian and Reform Review.*

What we like Dr. Snowden's Notes for is that he reads the life of Christ for himself, and reads it carefully enough to find a continual surprise in it. He moves, and we move with him, through a land that is always Spring. The freshness, the surprises, are in the life itself, not in Dr. Snowden's way of describing it. He is no American showman to Christ.—*The Expository Times,* Edinburgh.

Many of the titles are peculiarly happy; as for example, "A Holy Mystery Revealed," referring to the annunciation; "How the Kingdom Started to Grow," being the call of the first disciples; "A Distinguished Night Visitor," who was Nicodemus; "The Tragedy of the Black Tower," dealing with the execution of John the Baptist. These expositions are informed by careful and conservative scholarship, are pervaded with a fine devotional flavor, and are illuminated at many points with original and suggestive interpretations. Dr. Snowden's style is clear and direct, and there is not an obscure passage in the volume.—*The Interior.*

Suggestiveness is the crowning characteristic of Dr. Snowden's work. For purely homiletic uses it is far and away beyond any advertised "Helps" on the market. It sparkles with terse, epigrammatic speech; and is quotable to a degree quite unusual.—*Dr. Herrick Johnson.*

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